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Diary of the Week.

THE preliminaries of the proposed Conference on the Constitutional crisis are being settled between the party leaders, and there have been private interviews between the Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour, who are said to be working well together. The only public reference of note has been the Prime Minister's reply to Mr. Joseph Martin's question whether the Government proposed to change their policy without consulting their followers. Mr. Asquith answered that it would be useless for the Government to enter into such a Conference unless it had the confidence of its supporters in the House of Commons. It is clear, however, that neither party is at this stage either easy or sanguine. The Radicals have held a private conference, Mr. Wedgwood has tabled some Radical resolutions and asked for a day for them, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden have both declared personal, though not party, hostility. The Irishmen maintain a watchful silence.

On the other side, Mr. F. E. Smith has written a remarkable letter to the "Times," in which he gives up the present constitution of the House of Lords; hints that no scheme of self-election, such as Lord Rosebery proposes, will meet the Liberal case; calls upon his party to be ready for changes undreamt of in their philosophy; and suggests two guiding principles for the Conference. These are as follows:—

(1) The principal object of a Second Chamber is to ensure that the electorate shall be consulted before great legislative changes are made effective.

(2) An efficient Second Chamber will discharge this primary function impartially whichever party be in power.

Mr. Smith contends that the Veto resolutions ignore the first of these principles and the Conservative attitude the second, and he plainly suggests that the first should be discarded and the Conference concentrate on a drastic scheme of reform, amounting to the destruction of the present House of Lords and the substitution of an entirely new, small, and probably elective Chamber.

ON Wednesday Mr. Asquith introduced a Regency Bill, which provides that, if the King should die before the Duke of Cornwall is eighteen, Queen Mary shall act as his guardian, and shall administer the Royal Power. We are glad that this selection has been made. The Queen's character and ability make her entirely fit for the post of Regent; and, especially after Queen Victoria's reign, it would have been a slight to pass her over even in favor of the Duke of Connaught. The Government have also appointed a strong and very fair Committee on the Civil List, which includes not only the party leaders, but highly expert critics like Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Gibson Bowles, Mr. Shackleton, one of the ablest members of the Labor Party, and an independent Radical like Sir Henry Dalziel. This is a very proper selection. The criticism of the Civil List cannot, in the nature of things, be quite as thorough as when the earlier settlement was made. But there remain many subjects of criticism, and the report should issue from a thoroughly representative body.

ON Tuesday Sir Edward Grey relieved Mr. Roosevelt of all responsibility for his Guildhall speech by adopting it as his own, and even stating that its author had communicated its substance to him beforehand. So far from embarrassing the British Government, or insulting them, it was both friendly and complimentary, and he had seldom listened to anything with greater pleasure. This astonishing statement was backed by a more guarded survey of the Egyptian situation than Mr. Roosevelt's. Sir Edward eulogised Sir Eldon Gorst—whom Mr. Roosevelt's speech had embarrassed and discredited—stated that the charges against him were unfounded and untrue, and added that the whole situation, though bad, had been painted in too dark colors. But he said that Wardani would be executed; hinted at martial law if political crime continued; insisted that the British occupation must remain, and developed a strange doctrine that there could be no further progress in self-government while the "agitation" against that occupation went on. Sir Edward Grey's speech was heard in silence on his own side, and Sir Henry Dalziel, criticising it on Wednesday, said plainly that his attitude to Mr. Roosevelt did not represent the party either in the House or in the country. Not a single Liberal paper had endorsed his speech. He wondered whether Sir Edward Grey would have received Mr. Roosevelt with the same cordiality if he had told us either to govern Ireland or "get out" of it.

ON Wednesday Sir Edward Grey made a speech on the Cretan question, which, though diplomatically pro-

Turkish in tone, promised no harm to Crete if she re-admits the Mohammedan delegates. He suggested that the Turkish revolution introduced new circumstances into the Cretan situation, and ought to make us more rather than less tender to Turkish sentiment. He was aggrieved at Austro-German attacks on our phil-Hellenism; and the Foreign Office may, we think, be handsomely acquitted of the charge of impassioned zeal for liberty, either in Crete or anywhere else. The Cretans could not be allowed to alter the *status quo* in the direction of annexation to Greece. On the other hand, the conduct of Greece had been strictly "correct," and there was no cause for Turkish action against her. The inference is that if the Moslems come back to the Assembly, and are not required to take the oath of allegiance to King George which King George does not require them to take, the protecting Powers will leave Crete alone. But Sir Charles Dilke said wisely that it was very foolish to give Turkey, reformed or unreformed, the notion that she will ever be allowed to re-conquer Crete.

SIR EDWARD GREY's declarations have done much to allay alarmist talk. The organised, and evidently artificial, demonstrations of Turkish chauvinism have been damped down by the Government, whose Circular assures the would-be boycotters and anti-Greek rioters that England is friendly, that Turkish rights will be upheld, and that there is no need for agitation. French opinion, as uttered by the "Temps," now recognises the wisdom of maintaining the *status quo* for the present without attempting anything in the shape of a final solution. Malicious rumors, however, are still current. Last week the talk in the German Press was all of the sudden phil-Hellene intervention of our King. This week the same newspapers inconsequently attribute to us the quite contrary folly of a desire to seize Suda Bay for ourselves. The limits of the problem are now apparent. It is a purely local question, which arose at Canea and will be settled there. If the Cretan Assembly opens its doors, when it meets again at the end of the month, to the Moslem deputies whom it expelled, the crisis in any acute form will be over. If it refuses, there will be an intervention of the Powers on the spot—presumably by landing troops and closing the Assembly. British warships are already under orders for Crete.

A DEPARTURE from precedent has been taken by the appointment of Sir Charles Hardinge, the permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as Governor-General of India. The appointment was expected, and is a most proper and desirable alternative to the suggestion of Lord Kitchener as Lord Minto's successor. Lord Morley deserves the gratitude of the nation and of India for averting such a calamity as a military Governor-Generalship. No one can question Sir Charles Hardinge's ability, his great experience, both in the East and of diplomacy, and the influence he has acquired at the Foreign Office, where his association with policy has been hardly less powerful and direct than that of the Secretary of State. He is also a grandson of a good former Viceroy. The Government doubtless held that the Indian situation called for an appointment somewhat out of the ordinary, but not so far removed from it as the nomination of Lord Kitchener would have implied. The objections are two. The first is that the genius of diplomacy and that of statesmanship is not quite the same thing, and that India needs the latter even more than the former. The second is that

many Liberals would have liked to see their principles more definitely connected with the Viceroyalty at this stage of Indian politics than Sir Charles Hardinge's appointment seems to provide. Nevertheless, the nomination is much the best that the circumstances allowed.

LORD KITCHENER has refused the Mediterranean command, after having accepted it. According to the military correspondent of the "Times," his acceptance was an act of personal fealty to the late King, which, apparently, Lord Kitchener did not think it necessary to extend to his Ministers. This is not a proper suggestion, for it implies that Lord Kitchener makes a distinction between his duty to the State and to the titular head of it. The command is not a popular one, for its duties are undefined, and no one precisely knows what responsibility the High Commissionership carries with it—especially in Egypt. But the notion that the British Army is made for Lord Kitchener, rather than Lord Kitchener for the British Army, is not one to which the Government could listen. For very good reasons, we have abolished the office of Commander-in-Chief. Is it now proposed to revive it in order to give Lord Kitchener a job suited to his talents? Or is he to organise Conscription?

THE Woman's Suffrage Bill was introduced on Tuesday by Mr. Shackleton in a speech suggesting that the Bill was promoted by all sections in favor of the suffrage, and that as it bore this stamp of conciliation, it was specially suited for passage in a time of political truce. The opposition did not dare to press a division, but hinted, through Mr. F. E. Smith, that they would resist it to the last, that it would take months to pass, and that members of the Cabinet, notably Mr. Harcourt, were opposed to giving it facilities. Outside the House it has been supported by petitions from authors, social workers, and medical men; and its promoters claim for it an overwhelming voting majority within the Commons. We imagine that its second reading is secure, and that the Government will see it through this stage. But the truce and the Conference relieve the House of Commons of serious work before the recess, and, if it is strongly biased in favor of the Bill, the measure would seem to offer fit and dignified material for the summer debates. At present, judging by its brief and perfunctory sittings, the House has almost nothing to do, and party criticism has practically ceased.

M. BRIAND has met the new Chamber with a declaration of policy which is evidently felt to be unconventional if not epoch-making. It opened with an outline of the coming electoral law. It is to be based on enlarged constituencies, and the list system, with proportional representation. One odd feature is included which has already called forth the stout hostility of the Socialists, who are not likely to stand alone. M. Briand is a governing man, and is determined to secure large majorities, whatever provisions he may make for giving minorities a voice. His plan for securing this is to add the number of electors who omit to record their votes to the total of the party which has the majority. One hardly supposes that this oddly arbitrary device can survive criticism. For the rest, he aims at freeing elections from official pressure. The income-tax schemes of the late Chamber are to be carried forward, with the proviso that no inquisitory methods shall be used. The internal administration is to be re-arranged on the basis of large

provinces instead of small departments, and in a spirit of de-centralisation. There is mention of judicial reform, but perhaps the most interesting item is the catalogue of labor legislation, including plans for giving trade unions larger corporate rights, for authorising collective contracts, profit-sharing, and some new credit system.

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THE novelty of all this lies in the fact that it marks a complete departure from the traditions of party government in France. This is not the Radical programme, though M. Briand relies on a Radical majority. It is a personal programme clothed with some appearance of national authority. In fact, most of these schemes are ideas which Mr. Briand has long advocated, and advocated alone. But he claims to base them on the results of his analysis of the declarations of successful candidates. He has turned the elections into a sort of plébiscite or referendum, and contrived none the less to convert it into a mandate to himself to be himself and govern France. It remains to be seen how this method will impress the Chamber. The Senate is sullen, and in the Chamber the Moderates are better pleased than the Radicals, who would much have preferred some new phase of the weary anti-clerical conflict to any constructive programme. M. Briand's strength is that no powerful rival confronts him. M. Combes is still a possibility, but his return would mean the restoration of the ascendancy of M. Jaurès. Orthodox Radicalism is sterile of big men. M. Clemenceau was its only personality.

* * *

THE Vatican, after failing to revive the religious controversy in France, has once more assumed the aggressive, with Germany and Spain as its chosen battle-fields. In Germany, the controversy still rages with unabated heat over the Encyclical, in which the Modernists were compared with the Protestants of Luther's day. The real tactlessness of this fulmination lay, to our thinking, in comparing a young and still loyal group of reformers with the men who destroyed the power of Rome in Northern Europe. But it is on the references in Ciceronian Billingsgate to the morals of the old Reformers that German public opinion has fastened. They serve a tactical purpose in helping to drive a wedge into the Conservative-Clerical coalition. Herr Bethmann Hollweg's protest at the Vatican, in the interests of religious peace, is considered weak, and the Vatican's reply, that its words were misunderstood, inadequate. Meanwhile, in Spain, the new Liberal Ministry under Señor Canalejas has opened its anti-clerical campaign by a Royal Edict in which the permission (withheld since 1876) is accorded to churches outside the Roman Communion to place their names or emblems outside their buildings. The Vatican has thought it worth while to protest that this permission is unconstitutional.

* * *

THE usual revelations which follow a general election in Hungary are coming apace. Mr. Seton Watson (Scotus Viator), who was present at one of the contests in the Slovak country, has reported what he saw at Nyitra. A cordon of troops was drawn round the town, and prevented the entry of the Slovak electors, who were kept penned up outside. When, at last, about one hundred got in, they were driven back by gendarmes. In the end, the Slovak nominee withdrew his candidature by way of protest. Intimidation and corruption were general, and, as usual, it was the non-Magyar subject races which suffered most

severely. One ceases now to wonder at the rather startling victory of a Government which seemed, on the eve of the elections, to have no party behind it. It may talk of establishing universal suffrage, but more voters on the register, under such a system, are only more voters to be excluded. Meanwhile, in Bosnia an ugly incident has marred the cordiality which the visit of the Emperor created. A Serb, who is said to be an Anarchist, tried to shoot the Governor at Serajevo as he was going to open the newly-elected Diet. The attempt failed, and the would-be assassin committed suicide.

* * *

LORD WOLVERHAMPTON has retired from the Cabinet at the age of 80. He was a man of ability, of an unusual gift of impressive and persuasive speech, and he was one of the best Secretaries of the Treasury we have ever known. His Indian administration was featureless in comparison with Lord Morley's brilliant tenure of the India Office. Generally, Lord Wolverhampton stood for Liberal-Conservatism, with a strong Imperialist bias, and a passion for compromise. Personally, he was an amiable and placable politician, and he and Mr. Lloyd George share the distinction of linking the solicitor's profession with the higher prizes of statesmanship. His retirement weakens the Nonconformist wing in the Cabinet, and we hope this fact will not be forgotten. Furthermore, it is time, we think, to strengthen the very slight Radical force in the inner councils of Liberalism. Lord Wolverhampton's successor is Lord Beauchamp, a young politician of ability and promise.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL made a searching and brilliant report on mining accidents to the House on Thursday, showing that after the great improvement made during the later portion of last century—when fatal accidents fell from 5.149 per thousand (the mid-century average) to 1.473 per thousand—there had been an arrested decline. This showed the need of a new system of inspection and precaution, and this the Home Secretary proceeded to outline. There is to be an increase in the number of inspectors, and a larger infusion of the element of practical working miners, associated both with the Home Office and with the mines. In addition, there is to be an immediate Bill systematising the use of rescue appliances. These are to be stored within half an hour's motor-drive of every mine, and bodies of miners are to be locally trained in their use, and available to work them on an emergency. The vigor and insight of this speech greatly pleased the miners' representatives in the House, and the promised Bill will also be supported by the mine owners.

* * *

AFTER two years' laborious preparations, the World Missionary Conference met in Edinburgh on Monday. Occasion was taken by the University to honor some of the more notable of the 1,200 representatives with degrees, among them the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. K. C. Chatterji, Pastor Julius Richter, Mr. Robert Speer, Mr. Seth Low, and Mr. John Mott. At the first session on Tuesday the Conference, over which Lord Barlour of Burleigh presided, received a message from the King, which emphasised the supreme importance of missionary work in relation to international friendship, the cause of peace, and the well-being of mankind. The deliberations of the Conference, which represents 160 missionary societies, are being concentrated upon the Reports of eight Commissions dealing with the chief problems of foreign missionary work.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ONE HOPE OF THE CONFERENCE.

It is a signal advantage to controversy when one party begins to understand the position of the other and to state it with frankness. This is the merit of Mr. F. E. Smith's remarkable letter to the "Times" of Wednesday on the desirability of reaching a "compromise" on the constitutional question by way of the proposed Conference of party leaders. Let us at once state the measure of this new advance on the part of our opponents, so that we may realise the distance that still separates us and the one point at which we may reach agreement, if agreement be possible. Mr. Smith, let us premise, is clear as to the necessity of a settlement. It is required, he thinks, by the situation abroad, by the difficulties of the new Sovereign, and especially by the fact that King George's decision either way may drive him "into apparent antagonism" to one political party or the other. These dangers were not unrealised on the Liberal side; they were fully stated by this journal when the intervention of the Lords in the Budget was first threatened, and we may take it that that action is now seen in its proper light as involving the revolutionary consequences which Mr. Smith states. But Mr. Smith goes further. He admits that the Liberals have a general constitutional case against the Lords, apart from their interference with finance. He asks whether it is possible to "defend the existing disparity of party representation in the House of Lords," and, answering his own question in the negative, adds that it is useless to propose change which would produce "identical results under less assailable forms." The Rosebery scheme clearly disappears under this disqualifying formula. What therefore remains? "What is required," says Mr. Smith, "is such a House of Lords as will give to the Liberal Party when in power as good a chance—or as bad a chance—of carrying their legislation as it will give to the Conservative Party when in power." Mr. Smith applies his test with honesty and thoroughness. He rejects Lord Lansdowne's theory of the Lords as a "thought-reading" assembly, with the right to destroy measures which it judges to be unpopular in the country. He sees that that rule breaks down as soon as it is made to cover the failure of the Lords to throw out Conservative Education and Licensing Bills, as well as their unfailing rejection of the corresponding Liberal Bills. What the Lords do they must do, he says, "impartially, whichever party be in power." To achieve this elementary condition of a Revising Chamber the Unionist Party must be prepared for "changes which have hitherto not been dreamed of in their political philosophy."

Now we take this to be, not a mere tactical statement of a position which Mr. Smith and his friends have no intention of making good, but a real descent into the arena where honest thought is exchanged with honest thought. How far then, does this argumentative concession carry us, and whither? How is this condition of automatic impartiality in the Second Chamber to be produced? Mr. Smith practically eliminates two solutions. He sees that all the schemes of

self-election and self-nomination for the Lords only aggravate the difficulty, but on the other hand, he refuses to take the Liberal remedy of fixing a time-limit to the duration of the Veto. This covers, or half covers, the Liberal-Labor-Irish grievance, which is the only one that exists. But Mr. Smith sees in it a "monstrous usurpation by a Single Chamber of the rights of the electorate." He prefers to look to his ideal organ of constitutional revision, and thus, in some measure, comes into line with our own "reformers." We are to seek a Second Chamber which is to ensure—always impartially—that the electorate shall be consulted before "great legislative changes" become "effective." Now, where is this pattern Chamber to be found? We have our "referring" Chamber for Liberalism to-day. It can be set working at any moment for any Liberal purpose, legislative and financial. But the task of applying it to a spell of Tory government involves nothing less than the destruction of the present House of Lords from top to bottom, and the creation of an entirely new Chamber. Think of what that change must mean. Mr. Smith has to sweep away the hereditary principle in legislation. He must get rid of some 400 or 500 immovable, implacable Tory voters. He has to find a fresh and powerful supply of Liberal and progressive opinion. He must provide this body with a continual stream of changing elements so that it may work with a fresh mind on each political situation as it develops. Either this means the adoption of the plan of the Cabinet "reformers" in favor of a small Chamber of 150 members, elected on a democratic suffrage, and acting in joint session with the Commons, or it is not even a plausible alternative to the Veto resolutions, and fulfils none of Mr. Smith's tests of a Second Chamber acting in good faith between the two parties.

Is it conceivable that Unionist opinion will accept any such solution of the controversy? If so, the situation will no doubt be greatly modified. But for the present we prefer to think that the House of Lords will not dissolve itself, that an estate of the realm will not vote its own extinction, and that Conservatism will shrink from wiping the hereditary principle out of our State system. And the Liberal Party will have the real, and, we think, insuperable, objection to Mr. Smith's ideas that they allow so little power to a single election, and practically provide that no measure of consequence shall become law without a double appeal to the people, enforced against the House of Commons by the Second Chamber. Is that necessary or reasonable? Surely a Government can proceed with some confidence when it is fresh from a popular mandate. All our Constitutionalists agree that at that juncture the representative assembly is in the plenitude of its power. This is all that the Veto resolutions ensure for it. If it acts when time has put an interval between it and the source of its inspiration, the resolutions, which Mr. Smith finds so revolutionary, provide for a second clarifying resort to the national will. In order that this definite appeal shall not be unduly delayed, the life of the House of Commons is expressly shortened. We must therefore warn en-

lightened Unionists like Mr. Smith that Liberals did not choose the plan of modifying the absolute Veto without thought, and that they must not be expected to let it go, save in the highly improbable event that a sufficient substitute is in sight, and agreement on it has been obtained. Is it possible that if the Conference leaves this simple method, and plunges into an interminable debate on a scheme of root-and-branch reform of the Lords, it can hope to emerge with such a plan, or that the leaders can enforce so drastic a change on their not too homogeneous forces outside? What a blast, blowing from all the quarters of the winds, will greet that naked, new-born babe as it emerges from its Conference-room cradle!

Our own single hope of the Conference is on more modest lines. We are not sanguine; the conditions are highly abnormal, the proposal of a Conference may in itself be premature, and, as this week's symptoms show, impatience and suspicion will blow in gusts from both sides of the House, while the Conference sits. But we should be loth to say that statesmen, sitting momentarily isolated from the press and the public, could not possibly come to some general conclusions of advantage to the nation. If they can lay the basis of an understanding, establishing the predominance of the House of Commons, definitely awarding the House of Lords the secondary place in the Constitution which our constitutional writers have assigned it, and possibly declaring for a small elective Chamber, we may, by some such process, find a way to regain the lost constitutional balance.

THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF EGYPT.

If it is true of Mr. Roosevelt that he vulgarises everything he touches, it is also true that he succeeds in stating an issue with a trenchant crudity that focusses public attention. We owe it to him that, twice in one week, the problem of Egypt has been under the review of the House of Commons. We have seen our Imperialists range themselves behind his adjectives and his imperatives, to second his plea for some sharp assertion of British ascendancy in Egypt. We have witnessed the still more remarkable confession from Sir Edward Grey that the "big stick" which Mr. Roosevelt waved over the heads alike of Sir Eldon Gorst and the Egyptian people was placed in his hands by the Foreign Secretary, who avows that he watched the use which he made of it with approval and enjoyment. We have also seen a protest of a kind that has been too rare in recent years, from the Radical and Irish benches. Our own complaint of Mr. Roosevelt's interference is mainly that it was a display of ignorance and haste, that it reflected the opinions of a local clique, that it carried with it none of the authority of close study or temperate judgment, that it was calculated to inflame the passions of the Egyptians and the prejudices of the English colony, and, finally, that its manner and phrasing were models of tactlessness, violence, and conceit. We hold too strongly the doctrine that human sympathies and responsibilities are wider than frontiers, to object in principle to any meddling by a foreigner in the affairs of another people. But the adoption by Sir Edward Grey

of the maxim that interference by a foreigner is permissible in the affairs of another Empire, when these are not purely domestic, cuts the ground from the attitude which he has steadily maintained in regard to some pending controversies. The affairs of Finland are no more the domestic business of Russia than those of Egypt are of Great Britain. The Finns are a nation in a sense that the Egyptians are not. If Mr. Roosevelt may without offence call for coercion in Egypt, it cannot be otherwise than correct for British politicians to plead for liberty in Finland. Liberals will not be backward to claim for themselves the extension of free speech which Imperialists have sanctioned for their own purposes.

The simple question of the whole meaning and future of our occupation in Egypt was stated by Mr. Balfour with a breadth which it is customary to call philosophic. The view which he adopted need involve no offensive assumption of superiority. It is, in plain words, that Orientals are incapable of self-government, largely because they are absorbed in loftier concerns. From the past he argues to the future. Never, he declared, in "the whole history of what is called the East, will you find traces of self-government," and he went on to conclude that "it is perfectly absurd to suppose that you can inoculate these races with the broad spirit of self-government which is familiar to Western nations." Such a view is called philosophic, we suppose, because it is spun from the inner consciousness of a Western brain in total disregard of all the relevant facts, historical and contemporary. The idea that Orientals are lost in other-worldliness is partially true of those races which are in blood Indo-European. It has a meaning, though a greatly exaggerated and now nearly obsolete meaning, in Persia and India. It is totally inapplicable to Turks, Egyptians, or Japanese. The spirit of Islam is not contemplative, and the spirit of man has never evolved a more practical, one might even say a more worldly, creed. If the Egyptian has a defect as a citizen, it is that he is absorbed in his fields and his harvests, his beasts and his canals. To talk of his indifference to questions of State would be at once to dismiss the whole controversy. There is talk of danger in Egypt precisely because Egyptian public opinion is profoundly and angrily moved by questions of current politics. The awakening began with the Denshawai hangings, and the last phase of it turns on the Suez Canal Concession. An Oriental race has hotly debated these perfectly concrete grievances, precisely as a Western race might debate (let us say) the shooting down of strikers or the future of a Trust. Even if it were true that Eastern history shows no "traces" of self-government, that remark lost its point after the revolutions in Persia and Turkey. The Egyptian Nationalists know that we have all applauded those two essays made by kindred Mohammedan peoples amid financial and racial embarrassments which in their case have no counterpart, and they are impressed only with our astounding inconsequence, when we echo Mr. Roosevelt's announcement that political servitude is their inevitable destiny.

But Mr. Balfour's history is as superficial as his

contemporary diagnosis. The East did not, in fact, develop self-government on national lines until the European conqueror made his irruption. The simple and sufficient reason was that public affairs were neither concentrated in the hands of the despot nor directed by a bureaucratic State. The peasant lived in a village community under the rule of his own chosen elders. The law was administered by colleges and castes of jurist-priests, who frequently met and took their decisions in conclave. Each religious community had its own autonomous existence, and controlled its schools and its courts, often by a representative machinery. The despot made war, levied exceptional taxes, and exercised a rough, uncertain arbitrary power. But the minute and universal regulation of all the affairs of daily life he rarely attempted. The State was a narrow and empty thing, which affected only the externals of life and the fortunes of the great. We are doing in India and Egypt what no despot of the old school ever essayed. We have concentrated in our own hands an organised and extensive power to which no native ruler ever aspired. It does not follow that, because Egyptians acquiesced through long centuries in the slovenly rule of Turks and Mamelukes, they should *a priori* show the same patience under Europeans.

The present position in Egypt is that our intention to prolong the Occupation, which, in Mr. Gladstone's view, had lost its justification long years ago, has been stoutly asserted by Sir Edward Grey. History is already so vague in the minds of the present generation that it is possible for our statesmen to declare that our task in Egypt was "unsought," and that we are there as the trustees of the Egyptian people. We went to Egypt very much against the desire of its people, its Suzerain, and the Concert of Europe. We went as the trustees of the bondholders, to ensure that public order which had been disturbed chiefly through the determination of our own agents to thwart an essentially Liberal nationalist movement. We find to-day that we are still governing, not only without the consent of the governed, but flagrantly against their will. They brand as traitors those of their own countrymen who acquiesce in our rule. To meet that situation, Sir Edward Grey announces that the native instruments of our policy, who are, he declares, "bound to take our advice," shall be protected by penal laws from the criticism of the native Press. There had been before Mr. Roosevelt's arrival in Cairo a readiness to accept the advice of the two representative bodies, which amounted almost to a recognition of Egyptian self-government. The new policy of the "big stick" has been inaugurated by the passing over their heads of three measures of coercion which they had amended. The challenge which a foreigner was authorised to deliver on our behalf, is now the key-note of our policy. We shall continue to do good to the Egyptians against their will, and if in the process there grows up an antagonism which compels us to rest every detail of our administration upon force, the creditor who foreclosed will justify himself by the dignified title of guardian and trustee. Sir Edward Grey inherits just enough of the Whig tradition to refrain from talking, as Mr. Balfour did, of an eventual extension

of self-government as "absurd." But there can be no such extension, he declares, while agitation continues. The history of these islands would have been as troubled as that of Egypt is likely to be, if the Grey who, in 1832, won for our fathers the reality of self-government had acted on that principle. The agitation is the first proof that the Egyptians deserve self-government. Its excesses are partly a commentary on Lord Cromer's failure to prepare for the inevitable. We can, as Mr. Roosevelt incites us to do, "keep order" in this way. But we can do so only by abandoning our own earlier ambition to train the Egyptians to rule themselves. The possibility of any process of education ceases under such conditions as these. It demands mutual trust and mutual respect. We agree that the moment is not come to talk of ending the occupation. We are agreed that overt and criminal disorder—of which, as yet, there is remarkably little—must be repressed. But for the discontent and the agitation, the criticisms and the ingratitude, of which our administrators complain, there is only one remedy, and that is the concession of a Constitution.

THE PRINCIPLES OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

LIBERAL readers of Sir Edward Grey's speeches on foreign affairs must be sensible of a sharp moral differentiation from the doctrine in which they were brought up, and to which their instinctive affections are given. What, for example, were the qualities in Mr. Roosevelt's speech which led Sir Edward Grey to say that he listened to it with delight? Its crudeness, almost its illiteracy, of form, could hardly have pleased a student of letters like the Foreign Secretary. Its self-confident tone may have been more attractive to Sir Edward Grey's straightforward, almost naïve, intellect. But, in the main, we are bound to conclude that his approval centred in Mr. Roosevelt's unqualified advocacy of the doctrine of force, as applied to the relations between an alien governing power and a discontented native population. If Sir Edward Grey had said that the question was incapable of heroic solution, that we were still in Egypt for Egypt's good, as well as for that of the bondholders, that we could not leave till we possessed some further guarantees of a stable Egyptian Government, and that with that view we should persevere in the policy of associating Egyptians with the management of their own affairs, he would have carried Liberal instead of Tory opinion with him.

Unfortunately, these frank and interesting speeches of the Foreign Secretary contain no appeal to Liberal views. In effect, they assume that Liberal views are not, in Mr. Rhodes's phrase, an "asset" of Empire. It is clear that they influence neither British foreign policy nor the statement of that policy. Abstract sympathy with a popular revolutionary movement, such as that of the Young Turks, is permitted us when British interests are in accord. But, on general principles, we seem to have definitely left the several spheres where the spirits of Canning and Palmerston and Russell and Gladstone have succes-

sively held sway, and to have entered a territory in which the only recognised object is the pursuit of Imperial interests. "Liberal" Imperialism does, indeed present a recognisable contrast to Tory Imperialism of the Beaconsfield type. Both set a low value on human liberty. But Liberal Imperialism is not adventurous, nor deliberately fantastic, nor, we hope, is it bound to false notions of European policy such as the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. It is also devoted to peace. Indeed, on that altar it would cheerfully sacrifice both nationality and political freedom. For example, we could not imagine Sir Edward Grey following Lord Granville in risking war in defence of the integrity of Belgium against the Franco-Prussian encroachment. Our earlier method of interference is reversed. The great fixed Empires, while reserving freedom for themselves, contrive to stop all motion on the part of the smaller, unsettled units. It is romantic Greece, and patriotic Crete, and Nationalist Persia, which we coerce.

And the pressure on smaller Powers is applied for reasons connected with the general diplomatic situation as it affects the governing nations. Human feeling does not come into reckoning. Thus we are slow to intervene to mitigate the lot of the people of the Congo or of the Portuguese islands, and when we do say an admonishing word, we speak without effect. There is no sign that the approaching destruction of Finland will provoke one tithe of the European disturbance caused by the partition of Poland, or that our Foreign Office will feel itself bound even to address a carefully blunted remonstrance to its Russian ally. Probably neither the power nor the inclination to remonstrate exists. Sir Edward Grey has never given vent even to the occasional *cri de cœur* which relieved Lord Salisbury's ironical observation of the progress of the world. England no longer enjoys the moral advantages of an isolated Power any more than she suffers from its material perils. She is a member of a powerful European group, maintaining a general world-policy against a rival group. She acts so that the solidity of her alliance can be maintained and enhanced through her action, and so that she may resist or counter any menacing developments of material strength on the other side. Confidence should be maintained by this cautious and nicely adjusted balance of forces, but it is not. Nothing is risked, yet everything is feared. All moral anxieties on the part of Radicals and humanitarians are dismissed as Quixotic, until the interpretation of foreign policy of the Gladstonian type is almost left to Socialist parties or small groups of sectional or missionary agitators. Yet national armaments are maintained on a scale undreamt of even in the recent days of Chamberlainite Imperialism, and attempts to set limits, however moderate, to this expansion are met by threats of resignation on the part of the Imperialist members of the Cabinet. These fears deform an association with a Liberal power like France, and give to it the military aspect which, for aught we know, it actually bears, while they place us, as the greatest engineering power, at the head of the modern race in warship-building. The anti-German point of our diplomacy is doggedly maintained, in spite of all assurances to the contrary; and the Anglo-German hostility,

masked in a hundred ways, yet peeps out in every declaration of British policy. It whips up the war of intrigue and back-biting that goes on in the alleys of Stamboul, and bars the way even to poor little Crete's secular struggle for freedom and union with Greece.

It seems to us that when these tendencies reach as far as Sir Edward Grey's approval of so coarse a declaration of Jingoism as Mr. Roosevelt's, it is time to set up classic Liberal principles as a distinct form of Parliamentary and party criticism. For, indeed, the mischief of the situation has been the growth of the legend that foreign affairs are outside the party sphere. They were, indeed, placed outside it when the Government allowed it to be too readily assumed that there would be no break of continuity between Lord Lansdowne's policy and their own. There were points of that policy which raised no ground of legitimate criticism. But we should have made our reserves and held to them. On the contrary, Sir Edward Grey's policy has taken on developments which did not belong to its predecessor. Lord Lansdowne was a better friend of Macedonia than Sir Edward Grey proved to be; nor in a life's memories of British policy can we recall such sterility on the humanitarian side, combined with such a stiff presentment of materialist doctrines of State policy. This now culminates in the directly anti-Liberal theory that popular agitation must count, as in Egypt, against progress towards self-government—in other words, that a Western administration, subject to Liberal guidance, will not attempt reform so long as it is criticised and opposed. Thus does Sir Edward Grey wave off, in the hallowed name of law and order, every popular protest against unrepresentative rule. We like this theory as little as we do the practice of Denshawai, and greatly as we admire Sir Edward Grey, we doubt whether he realises by what wide continents such sentiment divides him from the central force of Liberalism.

Of that force Sir Edward Grey is a product, and he has done it real service. But the disposition of European forces to which he has assented, and of which he must now constitute himself a champion and forwarder, has developed his Imperial at the expense of his Liberal side, and we sometimes find ourselves wondering what possible developments of the diplomacy of the last four years the Liberal Party could now, in conscience and in freedom, resist. This is a serious consideration. The world is being steadily moulded by a new race of politicians to a complexion that repels both lovers of peace and lovers of liberty. It is true that there are many powerful countering efforts, which statesmen often admit and occasionally forward; nor do we attribute to Sir Edward Grey a conscious attempt to thwart them. But we feel that the increasing powerlessness of idealism in foreign policy has reached a point when, unless party ties are relaxed in favor of the claims of humanity, a rich moral inheritance may be abandoned, and a right of protest and appeal surrendered to men who, by their own confession, have found no relief for the most odious oppressions of the world, and no key to its peace and happiness. Such a speech as Sir Edward Grey's on Egypt could not be passed over in silence on the Liberal benches, unless

we had agreed to take from a Liberal Minister of 1910 what no Whig Minister of 1860 would have proffered. The party owes a duty of criticism to itself, and to the undying principles that gave it birth.

DIVORCE FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE reality and magnitude of the grievances which the existing marriage laws in their operation inflict upon the working classes become more and more manifest as the inquiry of the Commission proceeds. It is true that whole classes of witnesses deny or extenuate the injuries and the demand for their redress. Witnesses representing the Church, or institutions connected with the Church, generally assume the ecclesiastical view of the inviolable sanctity of marriage, and set their faces sternly against proposals to extend to the poor those facilities of divorce at present possessed by the well-to-do. On the other hand, the representatives of non-clerical philanthropic agencies, and of magistrates and solicitors brought into intimate relations with the marital difficulties of the workers, give a different setting of the facts, and express different judgments upon them. A good deal, of course, depends upon the sort of contact with the working classes, and even more upon the attitude of mind in the inquirer. The value of the testimony of officials of the Mothers' Union, for example, to the effect that there was "no demand" for divorce, can only be appreciated when due account is taken of the view of its vice-president, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Hubbard, to the effect that "national character was raised by patient endurance of hardships, and not by lessening responsibilities"—a really illuminating utterance. Some of the witnesses have given painfully realistic pictures of the "hardships" which Mrs. Hubbard thinks may help to "raise" character. In the lower quarters of great cities many a woman is habitually subjected to cruel mishandling by some drunken and faithless mate to whom she is tied. She sees her children starved, terrified, and beaten by their father: there is no escape, no shelter, from his violence in the narrow den they call their Home. In hundreds of other cases, the wife becomes a sot and a wanton, abuses, even poisons, her infants, pawns the household goods, and lets house and husband go to rack and ruin. What a school of character is here, what serviceable tests of endurance these scenes of hate and horror furnish to husband or to wife, to their tender children, what useful lessons to their neighbors!

Separation orders furnish no adequate remedy, for in most instances the income is too straitened to maintain in decency, or even in existence, the two establishments, while, from the very nature of the case, they lead to the forming of illicit connections by one or both of the separated parties. Other grievances are prolonged desertion, with an utter failure to make provision for the wife and family, penal servitude, or incurable lunacy, leaving the woman in the same helpless case, or the man with a little family upon his hands, needing a woman's care. Why saddle upon these unfortunates a burden that they cannot bear, which, moreover, it is against

humanity and the public interest that they should try to bear? Why not permit the means of dissolving marriages from which the true substance and purpose have departed? The sanity of such a judgment is not to be gainsaid by phrases about "loosening the bonds of society." The liberty of persons in such evil case to escape the festering results of a broken or degraded bond, and to form a new and perhaps a happier one, will be recognised as manifestly desirable in the interests of the parties directly concerned, their children and society, by all those who have the courage and the honesty to face the full facts. We shall be surprised if the report of the evidence of this Commission does not ripen an early demand for effective legislation to secure such liberties.

The notion that, by maintaining unjust class restrictions, the formation of illicit unions can be stayed, or that reasonable facilities of divorce will mean the destruction of the family, receives no support from those best acquainted with the facts of working-class life. An interesting letter, which we publish in another column, corroborating and illustrating evidence presented at an early session of the Commission, indicates that there exist whole classes which shrink from the legal marriage form because they fear catastrophe, moral or material, from an absolutely irrevocable bond, and, what is even more important, that they are supported in this attitude by the public opinion of their neighborhood.

Here history affords one more instance of the futility of attempting to enforce legal obligations in opposition to public sentiment. Care, great care, should unquestionably be taken, in extending facilities for divorce. But if it is right for one class, is it wrong for another? And unless the marriage law be brought into more genuine conformity with the views, not of the immoral or unmoral sections of the people, but of the ordinary men and women in such districts as the Potteries or the Riversides, shall we not witness a wide growth of such voluntary unions as our correspondent describes, perilous to the weaker partner and thoroughly anti-social and repellent in the measure of their laxity? As in wild pioneer communities lynch law springs up to take the place of too feeble regular tribunals, so an excessive severity or injustice, either in the forms or the administration of a law, breeds, even in a law-respecting community like ours, habits of evasion which come to receive the sanction and protection of the public opinion of the neighborhood. There is no evidence to evoke the fear, expressed in certain quarters, that the working classes will rush into the divorce court wholesale, and that we shall soon reach the loose transatlantic standard of one divorce to every fifteen or sixteen marriages. The balance of testimony turns neither in favor of optimism nor of pessimism. It may still be true that most marriages are "made in heaven," or in what assumes that appearance at the time. But it is also manifestly true that some are made in quite another place, and that many of the fruits of a union of hate work as virulent poison in the family and in the wider social system, a disease which, as it is partly law-made, it is not beyond the promise of the law to cure.

Life and Letters.

ENGLAND'S REAL PERIL.

THE true-born Englishman is not "carried away" by appeals either to his feelings or his reason into any course of conduct or of judgment which appears extreme. If some tide of passion, suddenly seizing him, bears him along, he soon contrives to struggle to his feet and make for whatever shore is nearest; if he has surrendered to the attack of the most invincible logic, he soon sets himself to find loopholes of escape lest he should be driven to act upon his theory. He sometimes feels or feigns a little shame for such caution, professes a certain admiration for idealists, fanatics, or whole-hoggers, even keeps a little dare-devil of his own on a chain for occasional imaginary excursions. But he is really proud of his moderation, his self-control, and his distrust of ideals. To such qualities, he believes, his success and the success of our nation are principally due. This, in fact, is what he chiefly understands by "character." It distinguishes us, for instance, from the Latin or Celtic races, who are too apt to be "the slaves of ideas," or to suffer from hysterical transports. He has fortified himself with a little hoard of maxims to give an air of dignity to what often presents the appearance of cowardice. "All life is, after all, a compromise," he sighs regretfully, with the pose of one yielding to destiny, as he sacrifices some old friend or opinion to the exigencies of his new mission or career. "True in theory, false in practice," expresses his distrust of logic; "Business is business," his distrust of ethics. But politics, perhaps, is the best testing-ground. By avoiding all extremities of ideas or emotions, by sedulously cultivating compromise, we have made more and safer progress than any other nation. By avoiding excesses we avoid reactions; revolutions breed counter-revolutions, the path of evolution is by compromise. Such is the doctrine. Now, if we turn to Nature for guidance, her oracles speak with divided voice. No doubt she generally plays for safety, is full of give and take, accepts small gains and secures them before proceeding further. Every tree in its upper and its underground career is a miracle of compromise with refractory conditions; so is each river that negotiates its sinister course towards the sea. But Nature also takes risks, indulges excesses, attains certain ends by bouts of violence. Indeed, the later interpretation of evolution, especially in the realm of biology, much modifies the notion of a smooth, continuous movement by slow, small advances, ascribing more importance to sudden mutations of considerable size. At any rate, it is generally recognised that catastrophe has its place everywhere in Nature and that it belongs to evolution. A high, abstract, scientific view of human history may expect to find it there also. It is not necessary to deny that revolutions have been necessary and even salutary processes in the life of nations. But it may be more salutary to avoid them.

This brings us back by a little *détour* to the question of compromise as a method of progress. It may, we think, will, be admitted that our "success" is very largely due to the practice of compromise, *i.e.*, of consenting to give up something we hold good or true, in the interests of what is taken for a larger good or larger truth. Nay, more, this habit, though instinctive in its nature, is susceptible of a philosophical defence. No people has ever been so much addicted as ours to endeavoring to make the best of both worlds, to driving business and religion in double harness, and to making the practices of duty and of pleasure harmonise. This has been a stumbling-block to foreigners, to whom its inconsistency figures as hypocrisy. But it may be taken really as an instinctive, half-conscious recognition of the duality of man, as matter and mind, animal and spirit, and of the necessity of making allowances for both, not in any scientific calculus, but by a rude system of pulls or "give and take." This is the essence of compromise in private and public conduct; it is a natural cunning in which Englishmen

have excelled, and it has been visibly responsible for their success. Regarded ultimately as a factor in the art of conduct, it will, of course, be estimated differently according to one's conception of success. For it is undoubtedly attached very closely to the peculiarly British art of "getting on."

It is, of course, true that for every sort of high achievement some conformity to the material or moral conditions of the task is essential. *Mήδεν ἀγάν* is the first law of every art. But in human conduct compromise may often mean something different from conformity to necessary conditions; it may mean the acceptance and adoption of an inferior good, through refusal of the pain or risk of standing out for the greater good. The sort of success which comes to a man or a nation by the cultivation of compromise may sometimes be rightly accounted a failure. For failure has been well defined as success up to a certain point. Though compromise presents itself as a counsel of moderation, it is no idle paradox to point out that there may be excess in moderation itself. The habit of compromise not merely aggravates the caution it expresses; it engenders a sophistry of self-defence. It feigns to rule out certain spheres of "principle" to which it is customary to say that compromise does not apply. But there are in practice no such spheres. Business morality, sex honor, the ethics of practical politics keep no such reserves. There is not one of the ten commandments we do not submit to frequent compromise. To carry the belief in the necessity and utility of compromise as far as it is carried by many respectable people in this country imperils our moral and intellectual standards. It commits us by custom, not merely to low conceptions of what can be done, but to a depreciation of the true claims of ideals. We in this country are so saturated with the utility of compromise as to weaken all sense of the obligation to form clear ideas, and to base ideals of conduct upon them.

This is particularly discernible in the attitude of our educated classes towards the wider issues of politics. Opportunism is in danger of becoming the only standard they admit, and compromise the only method of attaining their carefully belittled objects. This is attributable largely to an excessive scepticism as to the acceptance of clear principles, and the possibility of realising them in conduct. In part, perhaps, it is a natural and right reaction against over-hasty generalisation and illusory formulæ. The cause of liberalism and of democracy has suffered severely from these evils. But all disparagement of idealism in England, at the present time, is a very grave disservice. Lord Morley's recent denunciation of the "impatient idealist" has, without question, great historical support. No doubt "many of the most tragic miscarriages in human history have been due to the impatience of the idealist." But England has suffered less than any other nation in the world's history from this fault, and more from its opposite. We are all a little too much concerned about our individual and national safety in material affairs and external successes, a little too fearful of making mistakes, a little overprone to whittle down by compromise each just and generous aspiration. The procession of events in nature and in humanity is not always slow, nor is it the sole business of human endeavor to keep it slow. The faith that moves mountains and transforms the hearts of men is no idle figment of an obsolete theology, but a power for political and moral progress as immense as the fund of energy imprisoned in every form of matter. As the devotees of physics are striving to discover how to liberate this latter and to dedicate it to the service of man under the guidance of intelligence, so statesmen and practical reformers should spend themselves upon a corresponding utilisation of spiritual energy. If in the realm of politics there was exhibited one tithe of the faith and courage now going to the conquest of the air, England would not be standing where she does, the possessor of vast territories, immense treasures of national wealth, but a timid, vacillating, compromising soul, unwilling to make a firm and fearless struggle for the realisation of any vision, however true, or for the integrity of any principle, however just.

THE IRON CROWN.

WHEN we read of a man who, for many years, wore on his left arm an iron bracelet, with spikes on the inside which were pressed into the flesh, we feel as though we had taken a long journey from our happy land. When we read that the bracelet was made of steel wire, with the points specially sharpened, and the whole so clamped on to the arm that it could never come off, but had to be cut away after death, we might suppose that we had reached the world where yogi and sanyasi wander in the saffron robe, or sit besmeared with ashes, contemplating the eternal verities, unmoved by outward things. Like skeletons of death they sit; thorns tear their skin, their nails pierce into their hands, day and night one arm is held uplifted, iron grows embedded in their flesh, like a railing in a tree trunk, they hang in ecstasy from hooks, they count their thousand miles of pilgrimage by the double yard-measure of head to heel, moving like a geometer caterpillar across the burning dust. To overcome the body so that the soul may win her freedom, to mortify—to murder the flesh so that the spirit may reach its perfect life, to torture sense so that the mind may dwell in peace, to obliterate the limits of space, to silence the ticking of time, so that eternity may speak, and vistas of infinity be revealed—that is the purport of their existence, and to attain that consummation they must submit themselves with deliberate resolve to the utmost anguish and abasement that the body can endure.

Contemplating from a comfortable distance the Buddhist monasteries that climb the roof of the world, or the indistinguishable multitudes swarming around the shrines on India's coral strand, we think all this sort of thing is natural enough for unhappy natives to whom life is always poor and hard, and whose bodies, at the best, are so insignificant and so innumerable that they may well regard them with contempt, and suffer their torments with indifference. But the man of whose spiky bracelet we read was not in search of Nirvana's annihilation, nor had he ever prayed in nakedness beside the Ganges. Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, was as little like a starveling sanyasi as any biped descendant of the anthropoids could possibly be. A noticeable man, singularly handsome, of conspicuous, indeed of almost precarious, personal attraction, a Prince of the Church, clothed, quite literally, in purple and fine linen, faring as sumptuously as he pleased every day, welcome at the tables of the society that is above religion, irreproachable in address, a courtier in manner, a diplomatist in mind, moving in an entourage of state and worldly circumstance, occupied in the arts, constructing the grandest building of his time, learned without pedantry, agreeably cultivated in knowledge, urbane in his judgment of mankind, a power in the counsels of his country, a voice in the destinies of the world—so we see him moving in a large and splendid orbit, complete in fine activities, dominant in his assured position, almost superhuman in success. And as he moves, he presses into the flesh of his left arm those sharpened points of steel.

"Remember!" We hear again the solemn tone, warning of mortality. We see again the mummy, drawn between tables struck silent in their revelry. We listen to the slave whispering in the ear while the triumph blares. "Remember!" he whispers. "Remember thou art man. Thou shalt go! Thou shalt go! Thy triumph shall vanish as a cloud. Time's chariot hurries beyond thee. It comes quicker than thine own!" So from the iron bracelet a voice tells of the transitory vision. All shall go; the jewelled altars and the dim roofs fragrant with incense; the palaces, the towers, and domed cathedrals; the refined clothing, the select surroundings, the courteous receptions of the great; the comfortable health, the noble presence, the satisfactory estimation of the world—all shall go. They shall fade away; they shall be removed as a vesture, and like a garment they shall be rolled up. Press the spikes into thy mouldering flesh. Remember! Even while it lives,

it is corrupting, and the end keeps hurrying behind. Remember! Remember thou art man.

But below that familiar voice which warns the transient generations of their mortality, we may find in those sharpened spikes a more profound and nobler intention. "Remember thou art man," they say; but it is not against overweening pride that they warn, nor do they remind only of death's wings. "Remember thou art man," they say, "and as man thou art but a little lower than the angels, being crowned with glory and honor. This putrefying flesh into which we eat our way—this carrion cart of your paltry pains and foolish pleasures—is but the rotten relic of an animal relationship. Remember thou art man. Thou art the paragon of animals, the slowly elaborated link between beast and god, united by this flesh with tom-cats, swine, and hares, but united by the spirit with those eternal things that move fresh and strong as the ancient heavens in their courses, and know not fear. What pain of spikes and sharpened points, what torment that this body can endure from cold or hunger, from human torture and burning flame, what pleasure that it can enjoy from food and wine and raiment and all the satisfactions of sense is to be compared with the glory that may be revealed at any moment in thy soul? Subdue that bestial and voracious body, ever seeking to extinguish in thee that gleam of heavenly fire. Press the spikes into the lumpish and uncouth monster of thy flesh. Remember! Remember thou art God."

"Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" We have grown so accustomed to the cry that we hardly notice it, and yet that the cry should ever have been raised—that it should have arisen in all ages and in widely separated parts of the world—is, we suppose, the most remarkable thing in history. Pleasure is so agreeable, and none too common; or, if one wanted pain for salt, are there not pains enough in life's common round? Does it not take us all our time to mitigate the cold, the heat, and hunger; to escape the beasts and rocks and thunderbolts that bite and break and blast us; to cure the diseases that rack and burn and twist our poor bodies into hoops? Why should we seek to add pain to pain, and raise a wretched life to the temperature of a torture room? It is the most extraordinary thing, at variance alike with the laws of reason and moderation. Certainly, there is a kind of self-denial—a carefulness in the selection of pleasure—which all the wise would practise. To exercise restraint, to play the aristocrat in fastidious choice, to guard against satiety, and allow no form of grossness to enter the walled garden or drink at the fountain sealed—those are to the wise the necessary conditions of calm and radiant pleasure, and in outward behavior the Epicurean and the Stoic are hardly to be distinguished. For the Epicurean knows well that asceticism stands before the porch of happiness, and the smallest touch of excess brings pleasure tumbling down.

But mankind seems not to trouble itself about this delicate adjustment, this cautious selection of the more precious joy. In matters of the soul, man shows himself unreasonable and immoderate. He forgets the laws of health and chastened happiness. The salvation of his spirit possesses him with a kind of frenzy, making him indifferent to loss of pleasure, or to actual pain and bodily distress. Nay, he will seek out pain as a lover, and use her as a secret accomplice in his conspiracy against the body's domination. Under the stress of spiritual passion he becomes an incalculable force, carried we know not where by his determination to preserve his soul, to keep alight just that little spark of fire, to save that little breath of life from stifling under the mass of superincumbent fat. We may call him crazy, inhuman, a fanatic, a devil-worshipper; he does not mind what we call him. His eyes are full of a vision before which the multitude of human possessions fade. He is engaged in a contest wherein his soul must either overcome or perish everlastingly; and we may suppose that, even if the soul were not immortal, it would still be worth the saving.

It is true that in this happy country examples of ascetic frenzy are comparatively rare. There is little fear of overdoing the mortification of the flesh. We practise a self-denial that takes the form of training for sport, but, like the spectators at a football match, we do our asceticism chiefly by proxy, and are fairly satisfied if the clergy do not drink or give other cause for scandal. It is very seldom that Englishmen have been affected by spiritual passion of any kind, and that is why our country, of all the eastern hemisphere, has been least productive of saints. But still, in the midst of our discreet comfort and sanity of moderation, that spiky bracelet of steel, eating into the flesh of the courtly and rather sumptuous Archbishop, may help to remind us that, whether in war, or art, or life, it is only by the passionate refusal of comfort and moderation that the high places of the spirit are to be reached. "Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground!" is the cry of all pioneers, and if man is to be but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor, the crown will be made of iron or, perhaps, of thorns.

THE MEDIEVAL TWILIGHT.

It is night, but full of magic: luminous, as if the earth was shining: a night of stars. How fascinating are these peepholes into the medieval twilight given by the chroniclers, who set themselves to record, in all naïveté and all gravity, the realities of this amazing world! Mr. Coulton, in over seven hundred pages—not one superfluous—of his "Medieval Garner" (Constable), has earned further gratitude from all who accept the life of the Middle Age and find that life good. It is a child life, and that is the keynote of it all: imagination rioting over intellect, boundless curiosity jostling acceptance of rigid dogma: cruelty and compassion, squalor and splendor, great passions and great crimes, heaped together in no incongruous union. The same writer who finds the end of the world approaching, and mourns over famines, pestilences, plagues, and disorders such as never before were, sees also a sudden energy of building seizing this sorely tried family of mankind, "as though the very world had shaken herself and cast off her old age, and were clothing herself everywhere in a white garment of churches." Prophet after prophet proclaimed that God's patience was exhausted at man's increasing iniquity; monk, singer, poet lamented the shortness of life and the coming of age; yet, at the same time, special laws have to be decreed to prevent this same stricken humanity from the "sin of dancing," and the young folk prance in upon wooden horses into the churches, or dance, masked and disguised, through the churchyard on the vigil of dedication day. On one page the visitations and reports lament a widespread laxity of morals: incontinent priests, drunken priests, prince bishops, whose death left "twenty fatherless children in the hands of their different mothers." On another is the story of the building of Chartres: kings, princes, mighty men of this world, puffed up with honors and riches, men and women of noble birth, binding "bridles upon their proud and swollen necks," submitting them to waggons, "which, after the fashion of brute beasts, they dragged with their loads of corn, wine, oil, lime, stores, beams, and other things necessary to sustain life or to build churches, even to Christ's abode." It was a twilight where everything was possible: where the height and depth that is in men could be fully plumbed: where most things that were possible, in depth and height, were at some time accomplished.

It was a world full of curious things, and of men and women who loved to hear about them. Man walked as an explorer through a universe of uncertain boundaries, in which the marvellous was part of his daily food. The rigorous conception of a "reign of law" had not yet stamped its heavy foot upon capricious, fantastic, unexpected appearances of a whole universe of other sentient creations. And with curiosity went its sister,

credulity. Men believed, as children believe to-day, because they wish to believe; because it is so much pleasanter to believe. "I have heard how"—is a common commencement of travellers' tales. "This was told me by an Irish friar who had come to the Lord Pope's Court at Lyons"—is the endorsement upon one tremendous tale of the seal laid upon a man's hand by the devil, and of its removal. In the case of the Usurer of the Mill, who was taken by devils on black horses down to hell and shown the fate of usurers in endless torment: "It is scarce three years since these things came to pass"—is the convincing testimony. Now a wandering friar, now a pilgrim from the East, now again a stranger passing on the roadside will give indisputable evidence concerning the wonders daily happening in the world. The favorite and most numerous of these legends belong to the traditional order so dearly loved by the common people, of the gods themselves appearing in the likeness of men. In the harvest fields at Clairvaux, while Brother Renaud is rejoicing that "all these wise and noble and delicately nurtured men suffered so willingly labor under the burning sun," he is suddenly aware of "three worshipful ladies, glorious with rosy cheeks, and snow-white garments"; our Lady walking, as is explained to him, through the cornfields "to visit her own reapers," accompanied by St. Elizabeth and St. Mary Magdalene. Or one Tutilo, carving images of our Lady in the City of Metz is seen assisted by one taken for his sister—"that radiant lady who setteth the tools so ready to his hand and teacheth him what to do." And on the gilded halo is graven, "Mary herself vouchsafed to carve all this work."

The Christ is always appearing—walking on the roadside, disguised as a beggar at the street corner, visiting in glory and majesty some monkish cell. At any turn of the way which wound through the woods from one little high-roofed city to another, you might suddenly discover some great God's angel with wings of scarlet and gold; might be frightened by a little red man, or a demon child, who, taken home and dressed in monkish garments, brings confusion on all around, until at last he vanishes out of the window or crumbles into dust. The image on a wayside crucifix will bow down in tenderness to embrace the suppliant. The images in the Churches will step off their pedestals to advise, or succor, or reprove. Devils, vomited out of the burning mountains or lurking in the high eaves of the Gothic Churches, or appearing at nightfall out of the forest, will make desperate efforts to ensnare the bodies and the souls of men. The forest also—in those days a great unexplored ocean, with the cultivated ground as islands lapped by it—was always a place of enchantment. Here dwelt the dis-crowned pagan gods. Here was the home of imps and fairies, demons that loved the darkness, "little people," whimsical and mischievous, but not always unfriendly to mankind. Wandering into the forest, a Bishop finds himself in the Court of Arthur, untouched by time and the hurrying centuries. Entertained by him, in a rich mantle and with delicate feasting, he inquires of the King "if he were truly among the saved"; to which Arthur replies, "In truth I await the great mercy of God." On the high crags which rose out of this forest sea, sleeping in deep caverns, rest all the legendary heroes of old: Charles, Roland, Barbarossa; who in God's good time, when oppression became beyond men's bearing, would one day awake from their quiet, and ride down the mountain paths, and gather the poor around them, and re-establish justice among men.

And if a world of marvel lay stretched at the very doors of their houses, a world of greater marvel lay beyond. Here is the testimony of the Bishop of the Orkneys, tarrying in Hartlepool in England, concerning Ultima Thule: how that in one part the sea burneth for a whole mile round: how everywhere fire bursteth forth from the ground at certain times, consuming villages, which can only be put to flight by Holy water consecrated by the hand of a priest; "how men may plainly hear in that fire the lamentations of souls there tortured." Or testimony from travellers in the East: the Archbishop of Armenia who comes to England in 1228 to affirm the truth of the

rumor that Noah's Ark still rests on the Mountains of Ararat. "He said that this is true, and gave his testimony to the truth; for the reverence of his person, and his testimony, sealed as it were with the seal of his honor, impressed faith upon the minds of his hearers, and confirmed his story by the seal of reason." And, better, beyond Mount Ararat, one may learn of the Earthly Paradise; "a great country of the earth no less than Ind or Egypt: a place large and convenient for all mankind to dwell in, if mankind had not y-sinned." "That place hath fair weather and mirth, for it was the cellar and place of all fairness: no manner of tree there loseth his leaves: no flowers there wither: there is mirth and sweetness: every tree therein is sweet to eat and fair to sight." But alas! the curse and the fiery wall remain. "Paradise is y-closed with that wall to hold out mankind; angels stand on that wall to keep well Paradise, that none evil ghosts may come therein."

And those whom the wonders of the visible and tangible Universe fail to stir, may be moved by the record of larger explorations in those vast and awful kingdoms beyond its boundaries. Edmund, a monk of Eynsham, who had long been ailing, falls into a trance on Good Friday, and is awakened only by the bells of Easter day. He is not seen to breathe for two days: his eyes are far fallen down into his head: he is pricked in the feet by the Brethren with needles, "by the which he could not in any wise be moved." But on the return of the soul to the body there is a marvellous story to tell: of a voyage through Purgatory and the fearful things seen there, including but few priests amongst those who had deserved pains after death: with the discomfiting explanation that "it is seldom seen that any man of them were verily penitent and contrite while they lived for their sins: wherefore it is no doubt but that the great bulk of them be utterly damned." But the voyage is continued to the "full glorious wall of crystal": and entrance through a fair, bright, shining gate; with the vision of the joyful company of the blessed like an Angelico heaven. "There was no labor, there was no difficulty, there was no tarrying in their ascending: and the higher they went, the gladder they were." Like Paul and Bunyan, Edmund of Eynsham found words impossible. "In this vision that I saw, so mickle I conceived in my soul of joy and gladness, that, whatsoever may be said of it by men's mouth, full little it is, and insufficient to express the joy of mine heart that I had there." Music is the only expression possible: the music of the Easter Bells.

It has gone, and seemingly for ever: at least till our civilisation grows tired of comfort and a rational order, and perishes like all other civilisations which have grown up and grown old, and mankind emerges again into a new, unknown world. We attempt, in a kind of coy, furtive manner, to dabble at Medieval revivals—in art, in religion, in life. We gape and blink round the huge monuments which still testify to the inner creative energy which once flung towards heaven their high roofs and arches: beneath their restored battlements we preach our reasonable and moderate creed. We order our twentieth century "Gothic" from the twentieth century contractor, and have the joy of seeing it there—magnificent, costly, lifeless, cold. We ape medieval ceremonial in a life from which the whole medieval outlook is alien, and convert the Arthurian legend into the Idylls of the King. To some it is a golden world of sunshine and great enterprise, to others the night where bats and owls flit abroad, and all unclean things.

The wisest will refuse to take sides in so barren a controversy. It stands there vanished, yet secure: a thing of a dead past, with undying fame. Once it undoubtedly walked the earth; unblushingly and splendidly alive. From the security of an established shelter we can look out upon the company who rode through that world and never ceased riding; in courage and hope, through all time's terrors and changes, with a spirit that ever refused alike to be quenched or to be satisfied.

GARDEN LOGIC.

If some poor, lost Frenchman would but come into the village, asking everyone he met, "Où est le livre?" and if some bright Council School scholar could relieve his anxiety, and win his thanks, by telling him, "Il est sur la table," what a fillip that would give to the learning of French! If we could stop some poor fellow from attempting to walk to Holland, by telling him about the North Sea, geography would be for once vindicated. If "practice" would, for once in a way, prove a practicable means of helping Father make out an invoice, arithmetic would henceforth stand in a new and glorious light. As it is, nine-tenths of the curriculum bears the stigma, repellent to savage and childish minds, that it is abstract. It is what botany would be if it were rigidly confined to an examination of the fossils of the coal measures, what cricket might be if the class were never suffered to touch bat or ball. No one has ever thought of teaching cricket in that absurd way, though it is not for us to say that the attempt has never been made to teach botany as a discipline for the mind rather than an acquirement.

The school garden has the advantage that its lessons bear fruit almost from the first day. A word about a leaf may open the eyes and the mind to a new world in everything that is green. A simple experiment with a bit of water-cress in the sun puts us in command of the importance of invisible gases, and informs us of a most comforting inter-relation between the animals and the plants. If we will only wait a week or two, the garden will check for us whatever the teacher has said about the value of manures, concerning which even the old people are sceptical. Nothing better tests the worth of what the books say than a few seeds placed in the care of Old Mother Earth. Nothing better teaches us to take advantage of the experience of others than to see the almost incredible predictions of those who know come true year by year in the garden. What difference can it make whether the peas get their sticks to-day or next week, seeing that the field peas get no sticks at all? But we see the pea that has got its stick grow in a few days into another being altogether. The stem is five times as stout as its rambling, unsupported fellow, and the end of it, instead of being a wee, weak, shapeless straw, is a bunch of leaves and tendrils and blossom buds. It is but one of the many incidents of a year's adventure in the garden. Says the Board of Education, in its booklet of "Suggestions for the Teaching of Gardening": "It is not necessary that experiments, to be instructive, should be at all ambitious. 'Topping' or 'nipping' some rows of broad beans or scarlet runners, and not others, is the kind of simple experiment which is suitable."

The Board's instructions have now been issued some five years, and we find that the revised edition does not seriously amend the first suggestions tentatively put forward. There are not two ways of teaching gardening. It is a handicraft, if not an art. The teacher must know probably more about gardening than about education. Or, is not the garden the teacher? In one hand she holds the guerdon of success, in the other the rod of failure, either of which the pupil incurs inevitably according to merit. There is foresight needed for the preparation of the soil for the seeds, imagination at thinning time to know how many roots at what distance will cover the soil with the most profitable crop, industry and attention for removing weeds, and watching for blight or disease. Does the boy scout note that his beans are gnawed into ragged holes or stripped to the shoot and perhaps further? He gets up betimes and tracks his enemy, the snail, to its lair, and harmlessly indulges his inherited blood-thirst by slaying it with salt. He can declare war on the caterpillars, and be fairly confident that it is a just war; and he will find the material reward a good deal more tangible than flows from playing hide-and-seek with a broomstick.

The Instructions seem to be calculated for use in the country rather than the towns. It is in the

country, no doubt, that they touch practical affairs more nearly. There, the school garden is carrying on the industry of the neighborhood. For that very reason it loses a little of its wonder and curiosity. There are beans and carrots and onions in Father's garden every year, and we don't think much of them. Moreover, there is weeding to be done in Father's garden, and enough to last the week. The country school garden must offer a little more than the prevailing industry has to give. It must be something in the nature of an experimental station for the newer agriculture. There is an opening here for the nitro-bacterine culture, for carefully controlled experiment with chemical and other manures, for deep digging, irrigation, and other methods of intensive culture. In view of the current stirring up of the sugar beet question, it would be a strange thing if some school should not raise a crop of this root on an ascertained fractional part of an acre, and then, resolving itself into a chemistry or cookery class, get a sample of sugar from it. It is but one of many ways in which agriculture may shoot out, as it does in actual life, into the branch arts of which it is the parent.

But the real wonder-garden is that of which, by some rare chance, the town school becomes possessed. "Describe the life history of any plant whose growth you have watched," runs a not infrequent question in botany papers. One child is reported to have answered, "I grew a lettuce, and when it had two leaves a slug ate it." No one would have noticed such a single tragedy in the country, where plants are so many that we never see one grow. Picciola would never have got its history written had it not come up, the only green thing, between the grey stones of a prison yard. But in a town garden the miracle secures an amount of attention that somewhat approaches that bestowed by the prisoner upon his flower. It is not meet that "the plant whose growth we have watched" should be, as it too often is, a bean strapped to a card, root and plumule equally in the air, till, having used up the substance of the seed, they go bad and die. That very common object of school "nature study" savors of vivisection, torture, and all that is horrible. A little plot of land, or even a heap of mould on the asphalt of the playground, can be made far more instructive, and, as the other is not, beautiful and inspiring as well. The experimental plot is, for many purposes, well held in a flower-pot. It was in flower-pots that Darwin conducted many of his inquiries into the efficacy of cross-fertilisation and the habits of climbing plants. The common engraving in catalogues of a pot of wheat, grown with phosphate, and another without, or illustrating the effect of nitro-bacterine on pea crops, can be reproduced in a school courtyard, if there is no garden.

The bean in Jack's story grew, in a single night, out of this world into a fairyland of great adventure. We do not doubt it. The swelling and the greening of the cotyledons is magic in its speed and uncanny in its appearance of purpose. The leaves that become tendrils are not less wonderful than the hands of the magic harp that clutched at everything to hinder Jack's descent to earth; the seeds in their velvet pods are veritable golden eggs. The plant leaps out of the kingdom of earth to become a court for all the winged beauties of the air. Though the blight settle on it, so will the lace-wing fly or the lady-bird, and "settle" the blight. The aroma of its blossoms calls the bee because there is business with the bee. At the same time, a trap is laid for the ant, because the ant is unwelcome as a non-fertiliser and as a keeper of "cows"—namely, the aphides that batten on the juices of the plant. The vital streak of the garden runs through all the classes. The gardening books have been proved to mean what they say. The words of professors are accepted by their fellows in research. We do not doubt that there are people who speak only French, that geography and arithmetic are practical sciences. Chemistry, industry, the arts, are no longer dusty abstractions, but subjects as real and as interesting as hoeing, weeding, and the "topping" of beans.

Short Studies.

EVOLUTION.

COMING out of the theatre, we found it utterly impossible to get a taxi-cab; and, though it was raining slightly, walked through Leicester Square, in the hope of picking one up as it returned down Piccadilly. Numbers of hansoms and four-wheelers passed, or stood by the curb, hailing us feebly, or not even attempting to attract our attention, but every taxi seemed to have its load. At Piccadilly Circus, losing patience, we beckoned to a four-wheeler, and resigned ourselves to a long, slow journey. A sou'-westerly air blew through the open windows, and there was in it the scent of change, that wet scent which visits even the hearts of towns, and inspires the watcher of their myriad activities with thought of the restless Force that for ever cries: "On, on!" But gradually the steady patter of the horse's hoofs, the rattling of the windows, the slow thudding of the wheels, pressed on us so drowsily that when, at last, we reached home, we were more than half asleep. The fare was two shillings, and, standing in the lamplight, to make sure the coin was a half-crown before handing it to the driver, we happened to look up. This cabman appeared to be a man of about sixty, with a long, thin face, whose chin and drooping grey moustaches seemed in permanent repose on the up-turned collar of his old blue overcoat. But the remarkable features of his face were the two furrows down his cheeks, so deep and hollow that it seemed as though that face were a collection of bones without coherent flesh, among which the eyes were sunk back so far that they had lost their lustre. He sat quite motionless, gazing at the tail of his horse. And, almost unconsciously, one added the rest of one's silver to that half-crown. He took the coins without speaking; but, as we were turning into the garden gate, we heard him say:

"Thank you; you've saved my life."

Not knowing what to reply to such a curious speech, we closed the gate again, and came back to the cab.

"Are things so very bad?"

"They are," replied the cabman. "It's done with—is this job. We're not wanted now." And, taking up his whip, he prepared to drive away.

"How long have they been as bad as this?"

The cabman dropped his hand again, as though glad to rest it, and answered incoherently:

"Thirty-five years I've been drivin' a cab."

And, sunk again in contemplation of his horse's tail, he could only be roused by many questions to express himself, having, as it seemed, no knowledge of the habit.

"I don't blame the taxis, I don't blame nobody. It's come on us, that's what it has. I left the wife this morning with nothing in the house. She was saying to me only yesterday: 'What have you brought home the last four months?' 'Put it at six shillings a week,' I said. 'No,' she said, 'seven.' Well, that's right—she enters it all down in her book."

"You are really going short of food?"

The cabman smiled; and that smile between those two deep hollows was surely as strange as ever shone on a human face.

"You may say that," he said. "Well, what does it amount to? Before I picked you up, I had one eighteenpenny fare to-day; and yesterday I took five shillings. And I've got seven bob a day to pay for the cab, and that's low, too. There's many and many a proprietor that's broke and gone—every bit as bad as us. They let us down as easy as ever they can; you can't get blood from a stone, can you?" Once again he smiled. "I'm sorry for them too, and I'm sorry for the horses, though they come out best of the three of us, I do believe."

One of us muttered something about the public.

The cabman turned his face, and stared down through the darkness.

"The public?" he said, and his voice had in it

a faint surprise. "Well, they all want the taxis. It's natural. They get about faster in them, and time's money. I was seven hours before I picked you up. And then you was lookin' for a taxi. Them as take us because they can't get better, they're not in a good temper, as a rule. And there's a few old ladies that's frightened of the motors, but old ladies aren't never very free with their money—can't afford to be, the most of them, I expect."

"Everybody's sorry for you; one would have thought that —"

He interrupted quietly: "Sorrow don't buy bread. I never had anybody ask me about things before." And, slowly moving his long face from side to side, he added: "Besides, what could they do? They can't be expected to support you; and, if they started askin' you questions, they'd feel it very awkward. They know that, I suspect. Of course, there's such a lot of us; the hansoms are pretty nigh as bad off as we are. Well, we're gettin' fewer every day, that's one thing."

Not knowing whether or no to manifest sympathy with this extinction, we approached the horse. It was a horse that "stood over" a good deal at the knee, and in the darkness seemed to have innumerable ribs. And suddenly one of us said: "Many people want to see nothing but taxis on the streets, if only for the sake of the horses."

The cabman nodded.

"This old fellow," he said, "never carried a deal of flesh. His grub don't put spirit into him nowadays; it's not up to much in quality, but he gets enough of it."

"And you don't?"

The cabman again took up his whip.

"I don't suppose," he said, without emotion, "anyone could ever find another job for me now. I've been at this too long. It'll be the workhouse, if it's not the other thing."

And hearing us mutter that it seemed cruel, he smiled for the third time.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it's a bit 'ard on us, because we've done nothing to deserve it. But things are like that, so far as I can see. One thing comes pushin' out another, and so you go on. I've thought about it—you get to thinkin' and worryin' about the rights o' things, sittin' up here all day. No, I don't see anything for it. It'll soon be the end of us now—can't last much longer. And I don't know that I'll be sorry to have done with it. It's pretty well broke my spirit."

"There was a fund got up."

"Yes, it helped a few of us to learn the motor-drivin'; but what's the good of that to me, at my time of life? Sixty, that's my age; I'm not the only one: there's hundreds like me. We're not fit for it, that's the fact; we haven't got the nerve now. It'd want a mint of money to help us. And what you say's the truth—people want to see the end of us. They want the taxis—our day's over. I'm not complaining; you asked me about it yourself."

And for the third time he raised his whip.

"Tell me what you would have done if you had been given your fare and just sixpence over."

The cabman stared downward, as though puzzled by that question.

"Done? Why, nothing. What could I have done?"

"But you said that it had saved your life."

"Yes, I said that," he answered slowly; "I was feelin' a bit low. You can't help it sometimes; it's the thing comin' on you, and no way out of it—that's what gets over you. We try not to think about it, as a rule."

And this time, with a "Thank you, kindly!" he touched his horse's flank with the whip. Like a thing aroused from sleep, the forgotten creature started, and began to draw the cabman away from us. Very slowly they travelled down the road, among the shadows of the trees broken by lamplight. Above us, white ships of cloud were sailing rapidly across the dark river of sky on the wind which smelled of change. And, after the cab was lost to sight, that wind still brought to us the dying sound of the slow wheels.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Drama.

A THEOLOGICAL FABLE.

HAVING seen "The Dawn of a To-morrow" a year ago in America, and knowing it to be a play without the smallest artistic pretensions, I at first held myself dispensed from the duty of seeing it again. But, on second thoughts, I felt that it ought not to be passed over in silence. It is distinctly a play which "says something," and is therefore in the movement. Though it does not exist as a work of art, it exists somewhat aggressively as a theological fable or tract. It has always been one of the main counts in our indictment of the Censorship that it kept religion off the stage; and, now that this embargo is somewhat relaxed, it would be rather inconsistent to ignore a play which takes up a definite position on a great spiritual problem.

This is the third play of a more or less religious character which we have seen of late. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was a charming fantasy, for all the world like a Dickens Christmas-Book, and not unworthy of the master. It simply illustrated the magical influence of a great and beautiful Character, an incontrovertible point which it is always well to have brought home to us. "The Servant in the House" was, in my view, a piece of vaguely pretentious symbolism, with no intellectual substance behind it. On both sides of the Atlantic, people whose judgment I respect thought better of it. The British public, on the other hand, seems to have been of my way of thinking: the reader must decide for himself into which scale that fact ought to be thrown. In this third play of the series there is no vagueness and no symbolism, but a dogmatic assertion as to the governance of the universe, illustrated by tangible instances. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's message is as clear as a doctor's prescription—in fact, a great deal clearer. The question is whether it has any real validity, or is merely a piece of sentimental phrasemongering.

Perhaps I ought not to have said that there was no vagueness in the play. The case of Sir Oliver Holt, to which our attention is first directed, is sufficiently obscure. Three specialists have given him up as a hopeless victim to some unnamed disease, probably general paralysis. He goes, in disguise, to the East End, designing to give infinite trouble to his heirs and executors by "disappearing," instead of openly committing suicide; and there he becomes so interested in the fate of the poor people he encounters that, in the course of a single foggy night, his hypochondria vanishes, and we are given to understand that he proposes to enjoy the dawns of many to-morrows. Now, the meaning of all this is certainly not clear. If the three specialists were wrong, and Sir Oliver was merely suffering from hypochondria, no doubt the lively night he passed in Apple Blossom Court was, in fact, the best thing that could have been prescribed for him. For imaginary ailments, begotten of brooding selfishness, a strong dose of altruism is an excellent specific. But were the specialists mistaken? I did not so understand the matter. I think we are to conceive that the organic lesions diagnosed by the doctors were actually there, but that a strong shock of moral electricity undid the mischief, and restored to health the morbid tissues. Also, the cure was somehow connected with a Bible which one of the specialists presented to Sir Oliver. He did not open it; I do not think he even put it in his pocket; but virtue of some sort must have been attributed to the talisman, else it would not have been so emphasised. Now, it is hard to set a limit to the power of mental action in certain forms of disease; and Sir Oliver's case is left so indefinite that his cure can scarcely be pronounced impossible. But I believe, if the truth were told, the authoress intends us to accept it as a miracle, and wishes to convey to us that we never know when such a miracle may not happen. It is certainly difficult to make anything else out of the tirade delivered by the specialist

with the Bible: admirably acted, by the way, by Mr. James Hearn. If any sufferers whom Harley Street has given up can find comfort in Mrs. Burnett's doctrine, it would be inhuman to deprive them of it. But, for my part, I would much rather cling to a belief in the fallibility of Harley Street.

If a certain mystery hangs over the moral of Sir Oliver's case, there is no doubt whatever as to the lesson we are to learn from the character and fortunes of "Glad," Mrs. Burnett's heroine. This irrepressible optimist of the slums is drawn with a good deal of vivacity, and very sympathetically played by Miss Gertrude Elliott. Born and bred in the gutter, and familiar with all the evil and horror of life among the submerged masses, "Glad" has retained a wonderful heroism of spirit and purity of soul. Having unluckily, or luckily, broken both her legs one fine day, she has, while in hospital, come under the influence of a lady who has urged her, as she puts it, to "arst" for whatever she wants (in a virtuous way, it is to be presumed), and believe that it will be given her. Here there is no ambiguity in Mrs. Burnett's doctrine. Whatever the lady in the hospital may have meant, "Glad" certainly has not understood her to recommend prayer as a form of elevating communion with the Unseen, or of surrender to the cosmic Will. It is not at all as a means of spiritual health that this nymph performs her orisons, and still less with a view to her welfare in another life. Such considerations, she confesses, are, to her, very distant and impalpable; it might almost be said that she speaks of them with contempt. What she wants is to be "took care of" here and now; and the lesson we are to learn is that such "arsting" as hers may be reasonably expected to influence the immediate course of events. The matter is put to the proof in three instances. Dandy, a young thief to whom she is attached, has gone off with two companions on a housebreaking expedition: she "arsts" that he may be kept out of mischief: and, sure enough, an irresistible influence hangs lead on Dandy's feet, and forces him to lag behind his comrades, so that he is not present when their adventure ends in murder. Again, when the police come to search Dandy's hiding-place, she puts up a second petition on his behalf, and in some way which we are assured is not miraculous, but which no one has thought of before, he manages to escape. Yet a third time, when she goes to call on the aristocratic villain, to implore him to give evidence on Dandy's behalf, he is on the point of subjecting her to the worst indignities, when she again "arsts," and is answered by a providential call on the telephone, which leads to her rescue and the villain's discomfiture.

Before she has thus tested the efficacy of "arsting," Glad remarks, with reference to the doctrine of the lady in the hospital, "Perhaps it was lies, but it was cheerful lies." Probably the majority of people come away from "The Dawn of a To-morrow" very much in this frame of mind. They do not actually believe that prayer can thus instantly deflect the course of events, but they think that, if it is a lie, it is a cheerful lie, and probably helpful to simple souls. But ought we to be satisfied with that view? I confess that, to me, Mrs. Burnett's theology seems painfully irreverent. She intends us, no doubt, to be impressed by the beneficence of the power which, on being duly petitioned, hung lead on Dandy's feet; but what about the other two who had no sweetheart to "arst" for them? and what about the old gentleman whom they knocked on the head with their jemmies? Again, are we to conceive that this power would have let the innocent Dandy be arrested, and probably hung, had he not happened to have an intercessor in Glad? And did it wait to be "arst" before taking measures to rescue Glad from the foul designs of the villain? Mrs. Burnett's conception of a beneficence which looks on placidly at crime, injustice, and violence until it is formally requested to interpose can only be characterised as a piece of sentimental fetishism. It deepens, instead of lightening, the mystery of evil;

and stands in glaring conflict with the view of the function of prayer which may be deduced from a certain model set forth in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.

"Thomas Muskerrey," by Mr. Padraic Colum, was not seen to the best advantage at the Court Theatre, owing to the unfortunate illness of Miss Allgood, which necessitated a sudden re-arrangement of the cast. The result was an uncertainty in the text which increased that effect of indecision, dreaminess, and vagueness which I have before noted as one of the characteristics of Irish acting. It must be owned, however, that this dreaminess is far from inappropriate to the atmosphere of Mr. Colum's play. One wishes that the Irish dramatists would once in a while look at the brighter side of things, which surely must exist somewhere. As it is, the following little passage from "Thomas Muskerrey" might stand as the motto of their whole literature:—

CHILLY: This is a cursed town. (*He drinks.*)

ALBERT: Every town in Ireland is a cursed town.

CHILLY: But this an extraordinarily cursed town.

Except in a few drolls, and in one or two spirited sketches, like Lady Gregory's delightful "Rising of the Moon," we seem always to be contemplating either a cursed town or a blighted country-side. Perhaps a bloated Saxon is the last person who ought to complain of this; but it is incredible to me that, in the Ireland of to-day, there should not somewhere be some manifestation of effort and energy to be studied, even if, for dramatic purposes, it had to end in defeat. The very existence of the Irish National Theatre is evidence of vitality, even though what passes on the stage is mainly evidence to the contrary. There is no doubt, however, of the power and the technical originality of Mr. Colum's work. Thomas Muskerrey may be described as a parochial King Lear, moving, not in the Celtic twilight of prehistoric time, but in the latter-day Celtic twilight of the will and the emotions. He has been for thirty years master of the local workhouse, "a pattern for all the officials of Ireland"; and in the three acts of his tragedy we see him decline to his death on a pauper's bed in his own workhouse, not through any active malevolence on the part of Goneril and Regan (his daughter and granddaughter), but through their petty selfishness, seconded by his own inefficiency. It is the tragedy of narrow minds in narrow circumstances; and it is presented with a quiet relentlessness which makes Mr. Colum's mention of Balzac in the preface not absurdly disproportionate. Mr. Colum begs us not to regard it as a gloomy play, since it "closes with the call of the pipes, and with a man of energy and imagination set free on the roads." For my part, I cannot say that my heart is greatly uplifted by the release of a blind piper from the workhouse. I am not sure that the release of the poor old ineffectual King Lear does not seem the more cheerful event of the two.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Present-Day Problems.

THE FUTURE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(BY A PUBLIC SCHOOL MASTER.)

I.—DAY-BOY OR BOARDER?

A FRIEND who teaches at one of the provincial Universities recently assured me that the few products of the public schools who passed through his hands compared most unfavorably with the others who studied under him. "They do not work," he complained, "and they resent being told so."

Now, being aware that the causes of the phenomenon were too many to enumerate at afternoon tea, I ventured on a generalisation, which seemed justified by the contrast which he drew.

Is it not because the public schools are isolated and

kept apart, both from the main currents of national life and from healthy domestic influences? Is it not as much a problem of educating parents as of instructing boys? And may not the ultimate solution lie with the great and growing system of secondary day-schools?

In truth, it has only lately been discovered that many, and, in fact, most of the advantages of the older public schools can, by the aid of some spirited measures of organisation, be obtained in places where boys spend much less than half of every twenty-four hours within the scholastic bounds; and, moreover, that, with the adoption of the day-system, many of the more serious drawbacks of public school life disappear. Practically all the greater day-schools now extend their activities, their influence, and their organisation, far beyond the domain of the class-room. Some, of course, are more favored than others in their physical situation, with spacious playing-fields close at hand. But in respect of intellectual and social activities outside the ordinary routine, the grammar schools (and doubtless many of the new municipal schools as well) show as great, and in many cases a greater, keenness and proficiency, than the average public school. The vigorous life of the locality seems to permeate them, and exercise a stimulus which is unknown to the older and more aristocratic foundations of England. Moreover, the house system, artificial and exotic though it would seem to be in such a soil, has been successfully grafted on some of these, not only in schools, like Clifton, where the day and boarding elements are about equally divided, but in others, such as the University College School, London, which consist almost entirely of day-boarders.

And they add to this the undoubted benefit of keeping the boy in constant touch with his home. The great difficulty which educational reformers encounter in removing the obstruction of unreasoning conservatism is simply the fact that the parent of boarders, even when he has a distinct and intelligent demand for sensible methods of education, is too remote from the scene of action to make that demand effective. There is no sort of parental foolishness that moves my wrath more than the silly fatalism of some parents, who have not the excuse that they are unsusceptible to the light of reason. "Oh, the public school system of teaching," they say, "is quite indefensible; but we have to take it as it is, for the sake of its splendid moral discipline and training for after life."

Just as if the development of the intellect and the growth of the will to learn were not among the most important moral elements in that discipline and training! Now, in the case of day-schools, such an attitude is impossible. There is, it is true, this difference at present, that the average parent of day boys, being in smaller circumstances, cannot afford to let his son spend ten or twelve years in learning to be a failure. But even if he belonged to a wealthier section of society, I am still quite sure that he would not wish to afford a luxury of that kind.

It is not, indeed, to be supposed that the parents of day-boys completely fulfil their obligations in these respects, but at least it is impossible that they should be so completely and airily irresponsible as the parents of public school boys. They have to look after their children in the evening. They see the home-work which is brought back; they must take care that they are properly amused or employed during a long week-end (usually Friday night till Monday morning), and if they neglect these matters, they cannot throw the blame on to anyone else. Nor is it merely a matter of formal duties which are done or left undone. It need hardly be said what an advantage there is in being able to watch the continual growth and development of the boy, to hear of his doings at school, his progress, and his failures, not as a dim and generalised retrospect at the beginning of the holidays, but day by day and week by week; to see the friends he makes, and have easy access to the masters who are teaching him.

What obstacles are there to the expansion, if not the universal adoption, of this system? At first sight, there would seem to be two—the geographical and the

social difficulty. But in essence they are one. For, if the social objection were removed, the geographical difficulty would be reduced to a minimum. At present, it would be impossible, even with the aid of motor-cars, to provide an efficient school locally, in city and country town alike, for the present pupils of the public schools, *and no others*. But if parents of the wealthier class would consent more readily to have their sons educated alongside of boys of humbler origin, the reform would be easier to effect. Even so, we should not be clear of difficulties. For instance, it would be easier of accomplishment in the towns, where social grades shade into one another more gradually, than among the more feudal traditions of the countryside. But if the desire to strengthen the connection between home and school life were there, the solution of the problem would, no doubt, be forthcoming. As a matter of fact, the social aspect of the matter has been greatly exaggerated. There are already considerable differences of social grade, not only among the different schools which are admitted within the restricted area labelled "Public," but even within the limits of any one public school. I can testify by close knowledge of such boys, by their accent, demeanor, instincts, faculties, and tastes, how different are the social strata from which they spring, and I would venture on a safe guess that a quite considerable proportion of my pupils are not many generations removed from ancestors who have not thought manual labor to be beneath them. The fact is that the last fifty years have succeeded in ridding us of a good deal of prejudice and cant as to the social indignity of industrial or commercial callings, only to involve us in a less hypocritical, but far more dangerous, distinction based mainly on the magnitude of incomes. That is where the real obstacle lies. In Scotland, a practically universal system of day schools was established at a time when large incomes were rare in that country, whereas the spirit of neighborliness and the zeal for knowledge abounded. The tradition is, fortunately, too firmly rooted there to be lost. But, with the growth of large incomes and corresponding luxury, Scottish boys of the wealthier class are now commonly sent to English public schools, and a few large and well-to-do boarding schools have been established even in Scotland. I will not say that, assuming the existence of luxurious living, such a step is not necessary. To grow up in an environment of extravagant living is the worst thing for a boy. But, even so, it is possible that the fact of having to shield the young from those demoralising influences (and parents will generally admit their bad effect on their children, if not on themselves) might exercise a sobering and moderating influence on the possessors of great wealth.

Our higher educational system cannot be socially or intellectually efficient until we have somehow bridged over the present gulf between the education of the young and those who pay for it—between the national life and its principal seed-plots. We need a patriotism of a less exclusive kind than is now learnt at the public schools. If the growth of that virtue naturally takes place from the home to the district, and from the district to the country, then, at least, one step is omitted in our present method which cannot but affect the resultant quality for the worst. Unless corrected by some counteracting influence, Jingoism of the most rapid kind is naturally fostered at the public schools. We must, indeed, make up our minds that, for our generation at least, the "public" boarding schools must continue to exist, but we cannot remain permanently content with their present position. Certainly we cannot afford to lose that English ideal of a free, self-governing commonwealth of boys with a high standard of comradeship and honor and the equal cultivation of soul and body; and we need not lose it. For my part, I can never forget that the pleasantest, the most enterprising, and the most generally intelligent class of boys I have ever taught was at a great urban day school, within a stone's throw of one of the most famous commercial exchanges in the world.

(To be continued.)

Communications.

SOME CONCRETE CASES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It makes one wonder, to read the daily reports of the Commission on Divorce now sitting, what effect its findings and decisions will have on the manners and morals of our poorest classes; for assuredly these have not waited for the tardy justice of a cheaper and amended marriage and divorce law, but have taken the law into their own hands and moulded it according to their native ideas of right and wrong.

There are opportunities for studying a variety of irregular matrimonial relations in the large working-class district of England known as the Potteries, and a recent observer there has here jotted down notes on a few typical cases as illustration, which you may like to quote.

The Potteries have a reputation for great immorality, but in this respect they have been somewhat misjudged. Anyhow, it ought to be mentioned in the same breath that marked domestic happiness is to be seen there too. Perhaps one does meet there with a more widespread indifference to the marriage ceremony than in some other places. The people themselves do not seem to have a conviction of wrong-doing in the matter; rather they think it an extravagance to waste money on the marriage fee, that might better be spent in helping to set themselves up in housekeeping. The experience of the observer in question is that they are usually faithful to each other for the natural term of their existence, discharging their essential obligations to each other, to the children, and to the community.

The fidelity of these irregular attachments lasts not only till death, but beyond it, as was illustrated by the case of one elderly widowed mate (as we must explain him, since he cannot legally be termed a widower), who was found still mourning his companion, dead more than a year before, and doing his best to look after the five children bequeathed to him, with the help of the eldest of these, a girl of fourteen. From the way he talked, one could see that there had been great mutual respect and affection in the case, and, as far as one could judge of the circumstances, there had been nothing to be gained by dispensing with the marriage ceremony, so that one could not help wondering and asking how it had come about that no marriage had taken place. "Oh, we just took up with each other, as people do," was all the explanation the man was able to give.

Scientific curiosity would often find it interesting to explore a little further into the psychology of the situation. For instance, when a couple who have been living together for ten years or so suddenly go off and get married, what motive prompts them? If they meant to get married, why didn't they do it earlier in their career? Or, having lived so long together without marriage, why do they find it expedient to go through the ceremony at last?

The psychological motive appears to vary. Very often the plea made for non-marriage is that the man is in bad health, or is out of a regular job; but it is difficult to see the relevancy of the plea when the family keeps on increasing, and the household expenses have to be met all the same—unless, indeed, the notion behind it all is that if the worst should come to the worst, it is easier for an unmarried woman and her children to claim maintenance from the parish than if she had a husband.

One couple interviewed had been living together for five years, and once in that time had been on the brink of matrimony. The wedding ring had been bought, costing 28s. 6d., as the man was careful to specify, a new suit had been got for himself to honor the occasion, and a new dress for "the missus," when suddenly he lost his job, and the things had to be pawned instead. Anyone with presence of mind might have asked him on the spot why, since the preparations were all made, they did not get married first and pawn the wedding clothes the day after; for, when one came to consider it, his explanation did not "hold water," and such was evidently the view of the woman in the case—a meek and gentle little creature who obviously *did* have a hankering after the marriage tie, but was not strong enough to get her way. The impression brought away was that here was an instance where the gentleman did not care to be tied, and

that whenever the subject of marriage was broached, he would always suddenly and conveniently "lose his job." But, in justice to the Potteries as a whole, it must be said that instances were not often come across where heart and loyalty and honesty were lacking even to this extent.

Since the people "take up with each other" in the apparently casual way above mentioned, it might be thought that if the first experiment prove unsuccessful, they will as light-heartedly and irresponsibly take up with someone else. But it must be testified that most of such rearrangements as came under notice were made, not in the nature of "chambering and wantonness," but for the practical purpose of the better living of life; and the people accept the full responsibility of their actions.

The first informal divorce of this sort to chronicle was that of a woman whose husband had been ten years in the lunatic asylum, hopelessly insane, leaving her with five small children to support. Another man had assumed the responsibilities of head of the household, and was assisting her to bring up her family. Doubtless her only alternative would have been to go into the workhouse with the lot, for five young children are a heavy burden for one woman single-handed; and it may be left to the reader to judge which alternative were better for the woman herself, for her children, and for the community.

Then there was the case where the husband drank and ill-used his wife. She had "stuck it out for ten years," so she said, but could stick it out no longer, and had at last left her husband, taking her children with her, to go and live with another man. Her present partner was "worth five of the other," she declared, and she would "gladly marry him if she could." Probably her husband had given her ample excuse and right enough for claiming a divorce, but the expense made it an impossibility for her. She was an intelligent and respectable-looking woman, this, realising very well how her position would look in the eyes of her "betters," but by no means repenting of her decision.

Then there was the typical case where the husband had sold his wife for "an ounce of 'baccy and a pint of beer," the kind of bargain one has heard of before. It is worth noting, certainly, that the bargain has been duly respected by the legal husband, who has since made no attempt to blackmail or interfere with the couple in any way.

Another flagrant case appropriate for divorce has resulted only in the young wife living apart from her husband for four years past. His specialty is drink-maddened violence with a tendency to murder; and the fact that his wife has left him is no deterrent to the tendency. He way-lays and attacks her on her way to work, or calls at the house where she lives, and tries to kill her with a meat-chopper. Four times his wife has summoned him for deeds of violence, the summonses taking all the money she could spare, so a trial for divorce is out of the question for her. But four summonses are as nothing to a man who has been thirty-four times "had up" in Court for various offences, and spends most of his time in prison. "He's not afraid of gaol!" his wife remarks, contemptuous of the authorities who appear to think it an adequate punishment.

It is by studying the ways of the people themselves that hints may best be gained in what directions divorce should be made easier and juster. Only, since the people have done so long without the sanction of the law, the chances are that they will go on doing without it—until, at least, facilities for divorce are brought nearer to them.—Yours, &c.,

M.

June 14th, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

SLANDERING THE KING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—*THE NATION* is not a flatterer of Royalty, and therefore a contradiction in its columns of a particularly cruel calumny on the King should have weight. I refer to the story of his intemperance. A more absurd libel on a man of specially and scrupulously temperate habit could

not be imagined. But slander flies quick, and this particular and gross untruth has gone both fast and far.—Yours, &c.,
ONE WHO KNOWS.

[The story to which our correspondent refers is, as he says, a foolish and thoughtless, but a widely spread, invention, which has, we believe, given great pain to the Royal family.—Ed., NATION.]

THE EDUCATIONAL EIRENICON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Harvey presents himself as an "olive branch" amidst "swords." That may be a correct picture of his position in the stormy political world; but to some of us who spend the best part of our lives in the schools, he and his scheme appear rather as swords amongst the olive branches. It is not Mr. Harvey's fault; for the past ten years nearly every statesman has made the same mistake; they have failed to distinguish between the religious problem and the educational problem. The ordinary Englishman hates to hear a wrangle between the religious denominations, and hates still more to be drawn into it; and some people with little sense of perspective will gladly throw the schools *ad leones* to gain a little respite from the distasteful noise; and some may even believe with Mr. Harvey that such a trifling sacrifice will end for ever "the bitter war of creeds" which has such a "desolating effect on our national life." Without actually adopting Mr. Harvey's grandiose phrases, may I venture to suggest that the religious difficulty in the schools is not the cause of this "desolating war"; that it is only a symptom? That so long as there are different denominations and each domination is sincere and earnest, the "war of creeds" will be heard in the land? That there is a "war of creeds" in every country, and has been in every century, and that, whether it really has a "desolating effect" (which I doubt) or not, it will only cease when religious zeal is dead? And that it is an utter delusion to think that you are going to end for ever the "desolating war of creeds" by patching up some bargain between rival sects in regard to the schools. The weary "man-in-the-street" and the super-sensitive "man-in-the-study" must watch the "war of creeds" patiently and sanely, or stuff his ears with wool. It will last his time.

Now let us turn from the "Religious Question" to the "Education Question." What is the real bedrock problem of "Educational Peace"? It is to secure Peace in the schools. All real statesmen for a hundred years past have recognised that the real religious problem in education is to prevent this ever permanent sectarian strife penetrating to the class-room; to make the devotees cease their strife in the presence of little children. It is one of the smart sayings of the cynics, even to-day, that "there is no religious difficulty inside the school." But there is a profound truth in this. Despite the clash of battle which dazzles the eyes and numbs the commonsense of the politician outside, there is religious peace in almost every one of the 20,000 schools in which the children assemble daily for religious exercises and secular instruction.

Now the pith of the problem is that, although there is universal peace, it is of two kinds. The first kind of Peace is secured in schools in which the trust deed says, "This is a Catholic, or Anglican, or Wesleyan, or Jewish, school, and every teacher or manager or scholar must (whether he likes it or not) accept that faith on crossing the threshold, and be taught the doctrines, and attend the church and Sunday school." That is tyranny and oppression to the conscientious dissident; but it is Peace. The other kind of Peace is found in the school which has no "dead hand" trust deed to govern it, but is under the law which says: this school is open to every child of every creed, the teachers must be appointed on educational grounds alone, and the managers must be freely selected by the local community who are dependent on the school and who stand to gain or suffer by the way it is managed; and it is their duty to make it "suitable" for local needs, to teach what doctrines and dogmas they find desirable, but in the face of a pathetic little infantile congregation of scholars of various creeds, gathered by force of law, not to use any special creed or formula which would give an unfair advantage to any particular denomination. There is tolerance, self-restraint, and a democratic solution. And it also is Peace.

The commonsense and reasonableness of men of all parties and all creeds has declared in favor of the second system; but the former system is in possession of a large part of the field and often causes a local grievance because of its oppressive influence on the conscience of a minority, or often a majority, of those who have to use the school.

One system is waning, and the other grows. Forty years ago, practically every school in the land was under the "tyrannical" system; to-day, four-sevenths of the children are under the other system of democratic freedom. Some of us, who look at the problem from inside the schools, look forward to the day when almost every school will be free to serve local needs and desires without the interference of the dead hand of trust deeds or the living hand of ecclesiastical control. Seeing that in England, where sects are so mingled, practically every school contains children of different denominations, this is the only possible solution.

Now what does Mr. Harvey offer us? He offers (without conceding any principle, but merely on the grounds of expediency) that a certain number of the denominational schools shall be forcibly changed into undenominational schools. Whether they are many or few would depend on the exact wording of the Act, and still more on the spirit in which it is administered, and, above all, on the will of the Board of Education. And the remainder are to go on as at present, and new ones freely provided. This would, of course, remove the grievance which may, or may not, be felt in certain localities. It is no concession in principle, and very little in law, for the law already provides (though it is difficult to operate) that if a locality really desires a change, it can have it. For myself (speaking as a politician), I earnestly desire to see this change in all exclusive denominational schools as a recognition of the only sound principle; but, on the other hand, desiring to respect all vested interests and all religious scruples, I have no desire to do a violent deed on the low grounds of political expediency. The present law, freed from the shackles which make its operation difficult, is enough. Taking "long views," this offer is of no value.

Then what is the price that we are asked to pay to secure this slight acceleration of the process of existing law? We are asked to introduce sectarian strife, in place of the profound peace which exists in all the schools free from ecclesiastical interference. Firstly, whenever we are using a transferred building, a sectarian organisation is to be allowed to come in and provide sectarian teaching side by side with the religious teaching provided by the local authority, and every class is to be split up and separated on sectarian grounds. And, secondly, in every school which has been provided by the locality, and which is made "suitable" for all who attend, according to the best endeavors of tolerant teachers and of managers acquainted with local needs, the religious teaching is to be taken out of the hands of the local representatives and handed over to a committee on which the protagonists of the different sects are to be co-opted to wage war on behalf of their respective sects without any responsibility for the peace and management and discipline of the schools. Thirdly, each school is to be ordered by statute to give instruction daily in "the principles of the Christian religion," thus tying its hands hopelessly in face of the warring sects; with the penalty that if it despairingly throws up the task of trying to reconcile all differences, it must open each school to the agents of every recognised sectarian propaganda. Is this Peace?

Sir, I sit as Chairman of Managers, in which members of every prominent denomination and political party meet and work amicably together with a single eye for educational efficiency in an educational institution. We know that the law already provides for every one of the 20,000 schools in the land a mixed body of managers (there is no more talk of "my school" from any individual); we know that in every class-room there is an anxious teacher face to face with a little group of scholars selected with difficulty on grounds of age, sex, and intellectual attainments, but often strangely mixed as regards religious opinion. And we see that teacher carefully handling, without interference, the difficult problem of giving to these little souls, as one item in their school life, a sense of reverence, a spirit of devotion, a habit of prayer, and as much theological dogma as he can, without offence to the conscience of any, impart.

And I, and my fellow managers—Anglican, Wesleyan, Catholic, &c.—bless the work; and we sink our differences in the presence of the child to help it forward. And then Mr. Harvey suddenly appears at the class-room door, waving what he is pleased to call an "olive branch," and calls upon us, each one, managers, teachers, and scholars, for our separate definitions of the "the principles of the Christian religion," and demands that we shall each label ourselves, and separate ourselves, and reconstruct that happy little class according to denominational divisions. So far as the schools and scholars are concerned (and it is Peace for schools and scholars, not for politicians, that we need), it is not an olive branch but a sword!—Yours, &c., A. J. MUNDELLA.

June 15th, 1910.

EGYPTIAN NATIONAL POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having read Mr. S. Moussa's letter to you, I wish to say in your valuable columns something about what the Egyptians really want.

Sir Eldon Gorst in his report acknowledged the fact that discontent prevails among the upper and middle classes of Egypt. Such a failure, after twenty-eight years of the management of Egyptian affairs by England, is certainly a great blemish on the English control over Egypt. It certainly has its causes. The most important among these are:

- (1) The use of education as a political weapon and therefore the lowering of its standard.
- (2) The lack of respect of the English employees for the Egyptians who pay them their salaries.
- (3) The ignorance of these employees of the language and customs of the people whom they try to govern.
- (4) The rising feeling of Nationalism and self-respect among the Egyptians.

This last cause is the noblest and strongest of those that arouse the Egyptians to ask for self-government.

All these causes combined produced the failure of the English to govern the Egyptians according to their own feelings.

The English went to Egypt to prepare us for self-government. They have failed in governing us themselves, so it is only fair that they should give us a trial.

Of course, the Conservative papers say that we had that trial and we failed. This is untrue. Till now we have had no voice that compels the Government to obey the people in merely internal affairs, and not until we get that shall we be content.

We want, as the members of the Legislative Council asked, to increase the number of elected representatives in that Council, to decrease the property qualifications, and to give it a real power by which it would be able to force the Government to obey the wishes of the people in their internal government.

Finally, I should like to draw the attention of Mr. S. Moussa to the fact that his instance of the attitude of the legislators towards the Egyptian Fellah is wrong. The legislators gave the power to the mudir to employ boys between thirteen and twenty-five years, not to collect cotton from the fields, but to destroy the cotton-worm which has done such great damage to our most important crop, as may be seen by the diminished amount of cotton of last year. The legislators were not tyrannising over the people, but were averting a national danger, an act which should be appreciated by all classes of Egyptians.—Yours &c.,

AHMED ABDEL GHAFAR.

St. John's College, Oxford,

June 11th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—As an Egyptian, I consider it my duty to defend the cause of my country, to speak what is right and true, what is useful to her and her welfare. The first thing of which I would remind your readers is that I am not writing in a blind patriotic spirit, but in a humanitarian one, pure and simple.

Mr. Roosevelt, the self-styled democrat, commenced his speech by saying, "I would not talk to you about your own internal affairs here at home; but you are so very busy at home that I am not sure whether you realise just how things

are, in some places at least, abroad." If he confesses that England is so busy in her home affairs that he doubts whether she knows what is happening in Egypt, how then does he expect that the nation's prosperity depends on the English? Does not that mean that a nation should have self-government because she understands fully the affairs of her own country?

It is one of the principles of democracy that a country should be governed by its people. What he said is an argument against him as a democrat. J. S. Mill says: "The government of a people by itself has a meaning and reality; but such a thing as government of one people by another does not and cannot exist." A study of the works of Mill and Herbert Spencer and other philosophical writers would be beneficial to Mr. Roosevelt. He is not a deep thinker, he lacks philosophical as well as historical knowledge. He spoke in an undemocratic spirit, though he calls himself, not a mock democrat, but a real one. Men can call themselves what they like, but fortunately people are rational and can judge about men.

He spoke as if Egypt is an English colony. He forgot that we are an independent nation, nominally under the suzerainty of Turkey. He forgot that the English came only as restorers of the Khedivial throne to its normal condition, for which they were to occupy the country for a few months. Unfortunately, we see now that the promises made by the great English statesmen to leave Egypt after a short time have been broken. Now the Egyptians look on the English occupation of their country as quite illegal and unjust.

Mr. Roosevelt contradicts himself by telling us that he is a real democrat and that he wars against violence, injustice, and wrong-doing, and at the same time says that the English have erred in doing too much, and not too little, in the interests of the Egyptians. He seems to recommend barbaric methods in England's treatment of the Egyptians. He forgets that he is an American and that the policy of force will end in revolution and bloodshed. As an American, he ought to have remembered the American Revolution.

Mr. Roosevelt's mind is quite illogical. He has condemned a nation for one action, viz., the murder of Boutros Pasha. It is a childish mistake to pass a universal judgment on a nation for a single case. Egypt is the most peaceful country on the face of the earth; she is quite free from anarchy. Foreigners in Egypt enjoy a most delightful life. If the Egyptians are fanatics, how is it that they allow the American missions to live in most of the towns of Egypt? Why did Mr. Roosevelt infer that there is an anti-foreign movement? Can he tell us of any incidents against foreigners? Can he tell us that any American missionary has been murdered? The answer is "No"; Egypt is above such stages of barbarism, she is one of the most civilised countries of the world. Hospitality towards foreigners is a characteristic of her people. Mr. Roosevelt did not experience it because of his lack of consideration in hurting the feelings of the Egyptians in their own country.

Mr. Roosevelt ought to go to his own country and study carefully the principles of democracy, as his views about it are quite erroneous. It seems that he confuses a democratic with other forms of government. He is an old-fashioned politician; he ought to have lived some centuries ago. He is not the typical man of the twentieth century; he is neither Washington nor Gladstone, but a typical man of the Middle Ages.

Great Britain's conduct towards Turkey and Persia and other countries has been a humanitarian one. We hope it will be equally so with Egypt, and that she will evacuate the country as soon as possible. It is not to be expected that the English will follow an anti-Edwardian policy such as Mr. Roosevelt recommends. We hear an inner voice saying: "The English, whose King was Edward the Peacemaker, are anti-Rooseveltsians."—Yours, &c.,

HASSAN KAMEL EL SHESHINY.

"Strathmore," Camborne Terrace,
Richmond, S.W.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL OPIUM CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Since I wrote you on the subject two months ago, much evidence has accumulated to prove that the Chinese

Government has achieved an extraordinary measure of success in its revised policy of complete and simultaneous suppression of opium cultivation. Nearly all the opium-producing provinces, even those which were reported as backward last year, have now practically eradicated the pernicious poppy plant.

This fact ought, it would seem, to remove all possible hesitation on the part of the British Government in accepting the invitation of the United States, received last autumn, to join in an International Conference at the Hague on the opium question.

The able report on the Shanghai Opium Commission of last year, presented to the United States Government by Dr. Hamilton Wright, shows how the Commission arose out of a suggestion by Bishop Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Philippines, who had acted on a Committee appointed by the Government of those islands to inquire into the opium question.

The British Government was the first to be approached by that of the United States, in October, 1906, and expressed its readiness to take part in the proposed investigation of the subject if the other Powers suggested were "likewise willing to participate, and if, as regards China, the inquiry extends to the production of opium in China as well as to the import of foreign opium." (China No. 1, 1908, p. 3.) A few months later, our Government was again consulted on the point whether the proposed investigation should be by a Conference or by a Commission. Sir Edward Grey replied that H.M.'s Government thought procedure by way of Commission preferable, so that the facts might "be carefully investigated in the Far East by a Commission, preliminary to any action which might be taken by the Powers jointly or severally." The Commission accordingly met at Shanghai, and agreed to a number of recommendations, all in the direction of limiting the production and sale of opium. But as these recommendations have no binding force, it is obviously desirable that the results of the Commission should form the basis of a Conference, which would result in an international treaty. Otherwise the action of the British Government in India, in reducing the production of opium, may be neutralised by that of other Powers concerned, such as France and the Netherlands, which do not at present produce opium, but make a large profit out of its sale in their Colonies, or Turkey and Persia, which are already opium-producing countries. China herself is doubtless strong enough to protect her people against new sources of supply. The latest news is that the Governor of Canton has set at defiance the treaty clauses which are supposed (as I venture to think, wrongly) to prohibit China from setting up a Government monopoly, which experience indicates as the only practicable means of limiting the sale of opium to habitués, with a view to its ultimate total suppression for other than medical use. But, outside China, in the British Crown Colonies, in the French and Dutch possessions, and in Siam, there are populations which greatly need protection by an international agreement; whilst the American Government finds prohibition in the Philippines extremely difficult to enforce, as also do the Governments of Australia and New Zealand, so long as there is no restriction on exports from producing countries.

The latest information from Washington is to the effect that, except Great Britain, Austria-Hungary (which has no appreciable interest in the question), and Turkey (which did not take part in the Shanghai Conference), all the Powers have fully or partially accepted the invitation to the Conference. Surely we ought no longer to stand in the way of an international settlement of this great problem.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH G. ALEXANDER, Hon. Sec.,

Society for Suppression of the Opium Trade.

181, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

June 13th, 1910.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO'S OCEANOGRAPHIC STUDIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a review of "The Romance of Monaco and Its Rulers," in THE NATION of June 4th, your reviewer refers to Prince Albert of Monaco's oceanographic work in the following terms, viz., "oceanographic studies, the value of which to science is, we believe, debated."

In justice to the Prince of Monaco, allow me to inform your readers that the value of these studies is nowhere debated, among those who are competent to criticise. No one, living or dead, has done more for the advancement of oceanography than the present reigning sovereign of the Principality of Monaco.

Universities and learned institutions throughout the world have showered their highest honors upon the Prince, in recognition, not so much for his generous patronage of oceanography, as for his remarkable researches and investigations in that science. In Scotland alone, the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen have conferred upon him their honorary degrees, while the Royal Scottish Geographical Society has awarded him its premier honor, namely, the Society's Gold Medal. The Royal Geographical Society of London has awarded him the Founder's Medal (one of the two Royal medals) with the sanction and approval of King Edward. I might mention an almost inexhaustible list of such honors, but these are sufficient to illustrate the value of the Prince's work.

In his great life work the Prince has been associated with the leading oceanographers of the world, and in Britain especially with Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, F.R.S., and Sir John Murray. To him is due the Oceanographical Institute in Paris. The German Emperor in 1898 accompanied the Prince on his yacht, "Princess Alice," in order to gain practical experience of deep-sea research, and through that influence, and the influence of many German scientists who have worked with the Prince both at sea and ashore, was largely due the establishment of the "Museum für Meereskunde" in Berlin. The Prince's influence is also witnessed in the development of the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM S. BRUCE,
Director,

Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory.

Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS AT THE ENGLISH LAKES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In my experience, attempts of the kind your correspondents refer to are usually the work of some well-meaning but fussy agent, and I think that if the Lancashire magistrate and his friends were to get into communication with the owner himself, they would be more likely to get the matter settled to the public advantage than by writing to the papers.—Yours, &c.,

R. SOMERVELL.

Harrow, June 14th, 1910.

"PORTCULCANT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—This morning I awoke from a sound sleep with the curious word *portcucant* in my head, together with the idea of someone (perhaps myself) trying to get out of prison. The word is justifiable etymologically as a compound of *porta* and *calcare* (compare *inculcare*), and would aptly represent the hammering of the prisoner on the door of his cell in his attempt to escape. As far as I am aware, I have never, in the course of my Latin reading, come across such a word; and I think it highly improbable that such an absurd compound was ever used. I have certainly never formed such a combination, even for fun; and the question naturally presents itself, as to whence the word came. Was I myself responsible, despite my state of unconsciousness and oblivion? Or do currents of thought, wandering (as it were) unattached around us, clothe themselves with something drawn from our minds (even in sleep) and so become our own?—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

Hampstead, June 15th, 1910.

P.S.—When fully awake, I amused myself by weaving the strange-sounding word into a line of blank verse, thus:—

"They who in rage portcucant would annul
The confines of their birth."

THE IRISH THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In some of the many discussions of late upon the possibility and uses of repertory theatres, kind words have been spoken about our Irish one. Mr. Walkley, in his speech at the dinner of the Royal Theatrical Fund last Sunday, said that the promoters of the Shakespeare National Theatre, and all who might think of starting a repertory theatre, "could not have a better example of the real value of a modest enterprise than that afforded by the Irish National Theatre, which they owed to Mr. Yeats and his comrades." For eleven years past we have worked very hard in the attempt to found and to put on a permanent footing this enterprise. Six years ago we were enabled, by a generous subsidiary, to play on a regular stage. We have had to fight against apathy and prejudice, and, at one time or another, against patriotic cliques, and against Government officials. But our Dublin audience is steadily increasing, and we find support and a welcome, not only in the chief towns of Ireland, but in the English intellectual centres—London (our company is now playing at the Court Theatre), Manchester, Oxford, and Cambridge. A school of Irish writers and actors has been founded, which has given a distinguished and powerful representation of Irish country life. The works of our fellow-director, the late Mr. Synge, are recognised everywhere now by students of dramatic literature as among the most important that have been given to the theatre in our time. We play also, and find an audience for, translations of foreign masterpieces, especially those of Moliere, akin to the folk drama, and of Goldoni. All the laborious building up, the slow amassing of a large repertory of Irish plays, the training of actors, the making of a reputation with the general public, has been accomplished, or all but accomplished. Our takings in our last financial year are almost three times what they have been in any previous year, and we believe that within a few years we shall be independent of outside aid. We need not be ashamed of having to wait these few years, for after ten years the celebrated Moscow Art Theatre is still carried on at a loss.

Our subsidy, including the free use of the Abbey Theatre, comes to an end, as well as our patent, in this year. We have saved enough money (about £1,900) to take over the Abbey Theatre and to pay for a new patent—a somewhat heavy expense. Our business advisers tell us that the sum of £5,000, which would hardly support a London theatre for a season, would enable us to keep our theatre vigorous, intellectual, and courageous for another half-dozen years. Towards this endowment we have already been given £2,000, among the donors being Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. A. Birrell, Colonel Hutcheson Poe, Lord Pirrie, Lord Iveagh, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Lady Bell, Lady Dunsany, Mr. F. Huth Jackson, the Duke of Leinster, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Tennant, 34, Queen Anne's Gate, herself a large subscriber, is kind enough to act as our treasurer. Should we receive no more than this £2,000, we shall still go on for as long as we can; but we shall be crippled, and not able to carry out plans for the strengthening and widening of our work, and we shall have, as in the years past, to give up to the actual business of the theatre so great a part of our own time as to interfere with our personal and creative work. We feel we have almost pushed the ball up the hill. We shall be grateful to any friends of our enterprise who will help to keep it from rolling down again.—Yours, &c.,

W. B. YEATS.
A. GREGORY.

Court Theatre, June 14th, 1910.

Poetry.

PAN.

(After the Russian of Maikov.)

He sleeps, he slumbers—
The great Pan sleeps!
The glare of noon
Engrossing him cumbers
The great god's brain.
There breathe from heaps
Of ripely sunn'd grasses
Spells which solicit
Again and again,
Till drowsiness passes
Withstanding. He slumbers:
Profuse dreams visit
His deep-tranced swoon.

The roe-deer, panting,
Lies couched in the brake:
Her eye scarce peeps.
Of flock and of herd
The least sounds fail.
On the sward lies the snake,

Not stirring a scale.
In the wood, no bird
But ceases descending:
The tree-top numbers
Are mute—No word!
He sleeps, he slumbers—
The great Pan sleeps!

With sultry hum
Of beetles and bees,
Near to him dangles
A come-go-and-come
Of orbits and spangles;
A shimmering swarm.
And aloft o'er these
A fugue of sunn'd pigeons,
Cross-cruising, white-bladed,
They glide, they glance,
Ravelling, unravelling,
In rapid manœuvre. . .
Below, Pan sleeps.
Still higher, brigaded
In sharp wedge-form,
What host has invaded—
What white host sweeps
Yon aeriest regions?
The cranes advance!
The cranes, far-travelling,
Advance and pass over!

In the supreme temple,
Whose blue veil man
Sees not nor sunders,
The watchers assemble
To guard his sleep.
Half heard they keep
Watch over the deep
Slumber of Pan:
And he dreams wonders . . .
To his dreams it seems
He scans unhind'red
Where Olympus discloses
His heaven-born kindred.
The god's mount glisters,
And down sky-steeps
Goddesses his sisters
Scatter like roses
Sweet dreams past number—
Handful of dreams
For the great god's slumbers,
The sleep Pan sleeps.

Tread tiptoe, Child,
And break not his rest!
Nay, stir not, but rather
Sit here in a nest
Where tall weeds darken
And deep grass wreathes;
Sit quiet and hearken—
His sleep, how mild!
How softly he breathes!

And so from aloft,
From the most high heaven,
So meek, so soft,
The dreams shall gather,
And o'er us creep,—
The sorrow-benumbers,
The healers of man,
The dreams that leaven
The great Pan's sleep.
He sleeps, he slumbers,
The great god Pan!

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Lord Glenesk and the 'Morning Post.'" By Reginald Lucas. (Alston Rivers. 16s. net.)
- "General Gatacre: The Story of the Life and Services of Sir William Forbes Gatacre, K.C.B., D.S.O. (1843-1906)." By Beatrix Gatacre. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "A Vagabond Journey Around the World." By Harry A. Franck. (Unwin. 15s. net.)
- "Princess Hélène von Racowitza: An Autobiography." Authorised translation from the German by Cecil Mar. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Memories of a Labor Leader: The Autobiography of John Wilson, M.P." (Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "Poems." By Frederic Manning. (Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "La Jeunesse de Wesley." Par Augustin Leger. (Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50.)
- "La Guerre de 1870: Causes et Responsabilités." Par Henri Welschinger. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 15 fr.)
- "L'Affaire Tyrrell." Par Raoul Gout. Avec une lettre du Père Tyrrell à l'auteur et la traduction intégrale d'un mémoire inédit au général des Jésuites. (Paris: Nourry. 7 fr. 50.)
- "Romantisme et Religion." Par A. Joussein. (Paris: Alcan. 2 fr. 50.)
- "Pour la Terre." Roman. Par Camille Audigier. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

MR. NORMAN ANGELL'S powerful pamphlet, "Europe's Optical Illusion," is to be re-issued in an enlarged form by Mr. Heinemann in this country and by Messrs. Putnam in the United States. Mr. Angell has made considerable additions to the little book and brings fresh arguments in support of his position. No more telling statement of the great economic loss that war brings even to a victorious nation has appeared for many years; and no piece of political thinking has more stirred the world which controls the movement of politics. Mr. Norman Angell is an American.

SOME time ago we announced that Sir William Butler was engaged upon a life of Napoleon. He had made a large collection of Napoleonic literature, and though he had made some progress with the work, it is doubtful whether it had reached a stage that will enable it to be published. On the other hand, it appears that a volume of "Reminiscences," on which he was also engaged, is practically complete.

THERE are signs of a growing interest in the work of James Thomson, the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night." If this be so, it is very largely due to the enthusiasm of Mr. Bertram Dobell, whose biographical sketch of Thomson was noticed in THE NATION a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Dobell befriended Thomson during his lifetime, and since his death has made himself a sort of apostle of his writings. In 1896 he edited the first volume of what was intended to be a collected edition of Thomson's prose works. The poor reception it met with did not encourage the publishers to go on with the scheme at the time, but another volume, which will include an essay on Walt Whitman, first published in "Cope's Tobacco Plant," is now announced. We hope that the venture will be successful enough to warrant the re-publication of all of Thomson's essays. Those who have read his "Essays and Phantasies" and "Biographical and Critical Studies" will agree with Mr. Dobell that they contain "much good English, good sense, good criticism, and keen thinking."

A WORK on "The Future of Trade Unionism and Capitalism in a Democracy," by ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Putnams. The book, which consists of a series of lectures given by Dr. Eliot at Kenyon College, analyses the causes of the antagonism between the two leading factors in modern industry, and suggests a method of reaching a settlement. Dr. Eliot's works are classical with the more thoughtful section of the American people, and his statement of a problem of so great importance is sure to attract attention.

A NEW volume in M. Léon Séché's useful series of "Etudes Romantiques" is announced for early publication by the Mercure de France. Its title is "Delphine Gay (Madame Emile de Girardin)," and Mr. Léon Séché will publish, for the first time, more than a hundred letters bearing upon Madame de Girardin's relations with Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Balzac, George Sand, Rachel, Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, Jules Sandeau, and others of the Romantic period. Madame de Girardin had among her contemporaries a great reputation as a poet, and the verses which she published under the Restoration won her the title of "Muse de la Patrie." But her greatest successes were won in journalism. The "Causeries Parisiennes," which for several years she contributed to her husband's journal, "La Presse," are among the most brilliant articles of the type that have ever been written. Today, Madame de Girardin is mainly remembered by her tales for children, though her comedy, "La Joie fait Peur," is still occasionally played.

A STUDY of the Reformation period in England, by Dr. Roland G. Usher, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Appleton under the title of "The Reconstruction of the English Church." The book treats of the political, legal, and administrative history of the Anglican, Puritan, and Roman Catholic bodies from 1583 to 1610. Dr. Usher's contention is that, looked at from a Church standpoint, the English Reformation was not completed by the work of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and can only be regarded as coming to an end in 1604 when the Canons were promulgated. Original documents from the British Museum, the Public Records Office, and the Jesuit archives at Stonyhurst, are quoted, and a series of maps showing the relative strengths of Anglicanism, Puritanism, and Catholicism in 1603 are also printed.

MESSRS. BELL are about to issue a collection of biographical and critical studies by Mr. John Erskine upon six American writers of fiction. The title of the book is "Leading American Novelists," and the authors dealt with are Nathaniel Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bret Harte, Fenimore Cooper, Charles Brockden Browne, and William Gilmore Simons.

A SHILLING edition of Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" will be issued shortly by Messrs. Methuen. The same publishers' collected edition of Wilde's works is meeting with an extremely good reception.

A SHORT list of the more notable works of fiction to appear during the coming season includes "An Affair of Dishonor," by Mr. William de Morgan; "Rest Harrow," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett; "Lady Good-for-Nothing," by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch; "Clayhanger," by Mr. Arnold Bennett; "Early Victorian," by Mr. S. G. Tallentyre; "A Doctor's Christmas Eve," by James Lane Allen; "Adrian Savage," by Lucas Malet; and "Men, Women, and Ghosts," by Mrs. Edith Wharton.

MRS. NORMA BRIGHT CARSON, the editor of the "Book News Monthly," is bringing out a book of travel which she calls "From Irish Castles to French Chateaux." It describes a journey from the Giant's Causeway, through Scotland and England, ending up with Versailles and Fontainebleau. Special attention is given to places with literary associations, but Mrs. Carson's main object has been to give as much as possible of the atmosphere of the towns she has visited.

AMONG the books to be published shortly in "The Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry" are a selection from Jeffrey's critical articles, intended as a companion volume to the "Literary Criticism" of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and De Quincey in the same series, and Charles Reade's story, "A Good Fight." Reade's book, which is the original of "The Cloister and the Hearth," first appeared as a serial in "Once a Week," and immediately raised the circulation of that journal by about 20,000.

Reviews.

GLADSTONE'S RELIGIOUS LIFE.*

WHILE for a complete view of Mr. Gladstone it was necessary to emphasise his religious and ecclesiastical activity, and while the work could not have been placed in fitter hands than those of the late editor of the "Pilot," it may be doubted whether, even on this side, "the great Achilles whom we knew" is not more lifelike in Lord Morley's portrait than in his own words. The sun cannot lie; yet the art of the painter is truer than that of the photographer; a man is in reality more than he is in fact. The Gladstone of conversation and the Gladstone of correspondence were two different men. "His letters have not seldom the air of memoranda intended to clear his own mind, and then it is almost a matter of chance to whom they are addressed. At all times, indeed, there is a strong likeness between one letter and another. It could never be said of them, as it was of Newman's, that they are 'instinct with the consciousness of the person he addresses.' On the contrary, there is at times a curious unlikeness between letters and correspondents; and one is tempted to wonder how much the particular reader appreciated or even understood what was sent to him." Queen Victoria, it is said, complained that Mr. Gladstone addressed her as if she were a public meeting; the reader of these "Letters" will think that there may have been a colorable pretext for the complaint. Mr. Lathbury speaks of the "occasional disproportion between the importance of a subject and the length at which it is handled. How, we ask ourselves, did he fit so voluminous a correspondence into so crowded a life? His age, unlike ours, was one of letter-writing, and he was a man of exceptional energy. But that he could be long-winded and even tedious is not to be denied. His correspondence, the editor admits, 'will be read for what he has to say rather than for the way in which he says it.' Rather, we think, it will be read because it is Mr. Gladstone's, and as a *mémoire pour servir*. Its temper is rather dialectical than scientific; it indicates the debater rather than the thinker; it seldom goes to the root of things. But it is the record of the mental and moral growth of a period. What a gulf separates the Gladstone of 1837, discussing with Manning "that hard and formidable question, how the principle of Catholic Christianity is to be applied in these evil and presumptuous days to the conduct of public affairs," and the Gladstone who in the sunset of his long life wrote—"Tolerance means reverence for all possibilities of Truth: it means acknowledgment that she dwells in diverse mansions, and wears vesture of many colors, and speaks in strange tongues. It means frank respect for freedom of indwelling conscience against mechanic forms, official conventions, social forces; it means the charity which is greater than even faith and hope. Marked is the day for a man when he can say, 'Long, long, have I cast those weeds behind me.'" The difference in style is a key to the difference in substance. The writer has been made free.

He grew up in a society in which Christianity—by which was meant the Established Church—was part of the law of the land. This conception was his starting-point. But his mind was at once incapable of taking a position for granted, and indisposed to act on speculative as opposed to logical lines. Added to which, he was a politician born. "If Providence has endowed me with anything that can be called a striking gift . . . it is an insight into the facts of particular cases and their relation to one another which generates in the mind a conviction that the materials exist for forming a public opinion and directing it to a particular end." In other words, he saw what was, and what was not, possible. It is no disparagement to his great abilities to say that he moved more easily in the province of applied than of pure science. He was a politician rather than a philosopher, a man of action rather than of ideas. He possessed, and could exhibit, the *perveridum ingenium* of his Scottish forbears, but he had also a strong infusion of

their canniness; the part of the "old Parliamentary hand" was natural to him; he could "accommodate his theories to the actual conditions of English life." This opportunism—the word is used in its best sense—was his salvation. Without it, he might have degenerated into a reactionary; with it he could at once learn and forget. He assimilated to a singular degree the spirit of the Oxford of his time. Whether this was the spirit most suitable to his temper is open to doubt. The University taught men to be acute, but to be acute within strictly defined limits; it refused to discuss premisses, but, given these, its capacity for eristic was boundless; it was the victim of its own sophistry; it produced too often hair-splitters and jugglers with words.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu."

He never wholly overcame this subtlety; nor did he escape the charge of disingenuousness with which direct minds associate it. His opponents asked often enough, and with a certain plausibility: "What does Mr. Gladstone mean?"

An Evangelical by birth, Oxford and Toryism made him a strong Anglican. Ecclesiastically he belonged to those High Churchmen of the Right, who, while not themselves Tractarians, gave a general support to the Tract movement. "I was brought up to believe (he writes) that every Unitarian—I suppose also every heathen—must, as a matter of course, be lost for ever"; and he retained throughout a "strong and abiding sense of the importance of dogma." He regretted what seemed to him Bishop Phillpotts's "surrender" in the Gorham case; and, on the deprivation of Archdeacon Denison (1855), we find him writing to Lord Aberdeen, "My mind is quite made up that, if belief in the Eucharist as a reality is proscribed by law in the Church of England, everything I hold dear in life shall be given and devoted to the over-setting and tearing in pieces such law, whatever consequences, of whatever kind, may follow." His resolution was not put to the test. A technical flaw in the proceedings invalidated the sentence; and when the controversy was reopened in the Bennett case (1868) the militant Puritanism of the 'fifties was on the wane. To ritual he was indifferent. "I am decidedly of opinion that such questions as the Eastward Position and the Vestments do not justify driving matters to the last issue"; and, of the Roman Mass, "When I see the amazing accumulation of gestures and evolutions, almost dancing-masterlike, of their priests in celebrating service, it never fails to prompt a Puritanical reaction in my mind." But he was a stronger dogmatist and disciplinarian than many a Ritualist of to-day. "The laxity, or, rather, nullity, of discipline purely religious in the Church of England constitutes an offence to the whole Christian world," he writes in 1843; he would have given the clergy power to repel communicants whose opinions were heterodox, and to require confession from persons whose conduct was scandalous. It is probable, however, that his mind moved from these positions as time went on; and it would have been well to have traced its gradual change more clearly than has been done.

Towards ecclesiastical authority in the concrete his attitude was critical. It was for the Bishops, he thought, to set their house in order; and he was not inclined either to do their work for them, or to save them from the consequences of their failure to do it. A man was placed in a position of authority to take risks and to face responsibilities. In an outspoken letter to Bishop Wilberforce, he writes: "The State has a right to expect from the Church that its episcopal rulers—at least the leading and governing spirits among them—shall contribute liberally, and sometimes even boldly, to the solution of these questions"—i.e., those rising out of the connection between Church and State. "The only manner in which they can be solved is by the approximation of leaders, at the hazard (upon occasion) of their reputation with their followers." This was what he had mainly in view in his episcopal appointments. For the rest, while he remembered that his nominations were made as the representative of the Crown, and took into account the sectional character of the English Church, "no one should be appointed," he held, "to the Episcopal body whose loyalty either to the Church or the principle of doctrine can be questioned, or whose admission to it would impair that corporate unity which, though it does not shut out differences, is necessary for the well-being of the Church." Such sentiments, while open to interpretation, look in one direction. And, as Lord Salisbury's mind moved on the same lines, the result

* "Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone." Selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury. John Murray. 2 Vols. 24s. net.

was a continuity of ecclesiastical policy whichever party was in office, and a marked ecclesiasticising of the National Church. It is fair to add that this ecclesiasticism on his part was opposed, not so much to Protestantism as such, as to that secular temper in religion which in a Protestant country assumes a Protestant, in a Catholic a Catholic, form.

"I have many sympathies with men in the Low Church Party," he writes in 1847. "But there is one kind of religion, one kind of Protestantism, with which I have no sympathy whatever. It is the Protestantism which grew into fashion during the last century, and has not yet quite grown out of it: that hatred of everything in religion which lived and moved, which lowered and almost paganised doctrine, loosened and destroyed discipline, and much defaced, in contempt of law, the decent and beautiful order of the Church; which neglected learning, coolly tolerated vice, and, as it has been said, was never enthusiastic except against enthusiasm; which heaped up abuses mountain high in the shape of plurality, non-residence, simony, and others more than I can tell; drove millions into dissent, suffered millions more to grow up in virtual heathenism, and made the Church of England—I say it with deliberate sorrow—instead of being the glory, in many respects the shame of Christendom."

Here, as throughout, he was influenced by practical rather than speculative considerations. Popular Protestantism made, he thought, for inefficiency; High Anglicanism for efficiency: this was why he took the High Anglican side.

It was the same with the Church of Rome. The question of secession, though never a personal one, came near him in his friends. He saw it from the outside only; and failed to grasp the process of thought and feeling that leads men either to or out of Rome. Belief in the necessity of submitting to the Papal claims was for him "a delusion which blinded men to their plain duty"; a convert was one who had put his hand to the plough, and turned back. He believed in the future of the Old Catholics in Germany, and thought that their movement would develop on semi-Anglican lines. Stanley saw, more truly, that, though the Old Catholic and the High Churchman met, they met for a moment only, and in passing. Their faces were set in opposite directions—the one looked forward, the other back. But he recognised that 1870 was the beginning of a new era for Latin Christianity; and his estimate of its future in this country has been singularly confirmed by events.

"At the present day (1874) the Papal Communion in England is strong with a strength wholly fictitious and unnatural, the imported strength of a most remarkable body of seceders. The strength of these men conceals the hollowness of the system, and keeps it in a certain amount of relation to human thought and culture, though from the purely national life it is totally estranged. But it will be impossible for these men to rear up within the Anglo-Roman Communion successors equal to themselves. Ultramontane as they are, they are essentially hybrid, and there can be no propagation, so that in the next generation, according to all likelihood, not only will all be Ultramontanes, but the intellectual level of English Ultramontanism itself will have sunk enormously. As to a renewal of strength by immigration, that is beyond all reasonable likelihood. It supposes the repetition of Dr. Newman's genius and Dr. Newman's eccentric movement, due probably to a character not equal in force to his genius. And those who wish to forecast the future in this respect may be aided by considering that some twenty years (or thereabouts) have now elapsed since any man of mental strength, in the theological sphere, has surrendered himself from without to the Church of Rome.

"For myself, I lament all this deeply. It is impossible not to feel, objectively and historically, a strong interest in the old Anglo-Roman body. Suffering from proscription, and in close contact everywhere with an antagonistic system, it refused all extremes, and remained loyal in its adhesion, devout in religious duty, moderate and rational in its theological color. All this is gone."

He wrote much on the controversy with unbelief, but without a suspicion of its real meaning—his letters on the subject "have a strangely antiquated air." He stood rather on popular apologetic than on either history or criticism; he discussed in homiletic fashion such topics as the Inspiration of Scripture, Eternal Punishment, the limits of human knowledge, and the mystery of sin. He was himself his best argument. That a statesman of his eminence should be a convinced and enthusiastic believer might well give pause to sceptics of lesser calibre, and suggest the question, Had they an intellectual right to doubt? Few men of affairs, he used to say, are infidels: unbelief flourishes under glass, not in the open air. But he was painfully sensible that "the seen world was gaining upon the unseen," and fell back upon the ambiguous saying, "When the Son of

Man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth?" A firmer grasp of ideas, and a greater power of discriminating their form from their substance, would have cleared his horizon; though the Many change and pass, the One remains. He did not, however, see his way to such a discrimination. "I am myself much addicted to what I may call historical Christianity," he writes to Professor Jevons in 1874, "and profoundly disbelieve the notion of some, and of some able and eminent, men, that it is to be overthrown in its old historic form, and to revive and flourish in a new form, simplified as they say, but as I think attenuated."

His letters on religion to his children show him at his happiest; and the sections on the English Reformation (in Appendix I.) deserve to be read with care.

THE MAKER OF THE "MORNING POST."*

LORD GLENESK is one of the many figures in public, or semi-public, life for whose influence it is a little difficult to account. Without being a great or a specially skilful writer, or a personality comparable in inquisitive energy to his contemporary, Delane, he built up a newspaper and a newspaper fortune almost as considerable in its way as the "Times." He was not a wit, yet he was once the head of a circle of men and women who passed for wits and even wrote wittily. His political ideas were not profound, or specially sagacious, nor, as far as one can judge, was his life a very laborious one. But he made his paper the mouthpiece of a considerable statesman and the apologist of the most conspicuous ruler of his time. With Napoleon III., indeed, the relationship of the "Morning Post" in the 'fifties and 'sixties was said to be closer than either propriety or patriotism would allow. But for this charge there appears to be no foundation save Walewsky's unsupported statement and Lord Malmesbury's published belief in it. Malmesbury, not a great Foreign Minister, had been roughly treated in the "Post," and the tone of his references to Borthwick, in his "Memoirs," shows that the journalist's arrows had gone home. He felt Borthwick's hostile influence keenly enough to declare that he was the agent in a Napoleon-Palmerston intrigue to bring the latter back to power. Malmesbury's charge that the "Post" was subsidised by Napoleon is not, of course, met by Mr. Lucas's quaint suggestion that the published accounts of the "Morning Post's" finances in the 'fifties showed no margin for "rich bounties." They show nothing for or against such a charge. Borthwick denied it point-blank, and, as we have said, it was never sustained or corroborated.

The French Court certainly thought Borthwick powerful enough with Palmerston to be entrusted with an ingenious scheme of Persigny, under which the Italo-Austrian question was to be settled by Italy buying Bosnia from Turkey, and selling it to Austria, Italy getting in return Venetia and Rome! Borthwick conveyed this very Napoleonic plan to Palmerston. Indeed, his influence and gifts were substantial enough in themselves to yield him the honorable and substantial success he obtained. He was an excellent man of business; he had a journalist's self-confidence and *flair* for news, and his good looks, generous temper, pleasant manners, family relationships, the ear of half a dozen governing statesmen, and the entry of a score of great houses and clubs, and of more than one European Palace, did the rest. To most of his contemporaries, Borthwick must have seemed an unoriginal, almost an uninteresting, man. Yet the author of the charming sketch of the innocent escapade with the lovely Mrs. Norton in the streets of Paris during the *coup d'état*, and of the excellent *précis* of the state of French parties in 1848, could clearly wield a pen at once pointed and graceful. Certainly he succeeded in giving the "Morning Post" at least three careers. He made it the organ of Lord Palmerston; he turned it from a mere Court journal to the promoter of Tory democracy under Lord Randolph Churchill's leadership, and of the cleverly calculated fripperies of the Primrose

* "Lord Glenesk and the 'Morning Post.'" By Reginald Lucas. Alston Rivers. 15s. net.

League; and, in his closing years, he constituted it, or allowed it to become, the chief agent in the revival of Protection. His material success was considerable enough. When he negotiated the purchase of the paper, he admits that its average profits for a period of ten years were little more than £1,000 a year. The period of its greater fortunes began with the wise stroke of policy which turned it from a threepenny to a penny journal—the stroke which the Borthwicks made and the Walters missed.

Algernon Borthwick's life, as Mr. Lucas draws it, was neither that of a *viveur* nor a worker, but an agreeable blend of the two. Though his father, Peter Borthwick, was of humble birth, and never could have been rich, he mixed comfortably with the great world of his day, having associations of credit on both sides of politics and making a rather leisurely choice for Conservatism, with a decidedly critical view of Disraeli. He adored his paper, and, like all journalists, often exaggerated its powers. The Duchess of Sutherland, he writes, "loves the 'Post,'" and he quotes liberally from adroit French and Turkish flatteries of its influence. Mr. Lucas treats this side of a zealous editor's vanity with excessive lightness. Thus he allows Borthwick to claim that one article of his induced the Gladstone Government to change its policy on the Franco-Prussian plot to annex Belgium, and even to state that Gladstone urged France to listen to the "Prussian proposal" (what proposal?). The only question was whether the Government would come to the rescue of Belgium, and of the cause of European treaty law against both France's and Prussia's proposed joint violation of it, and in what form, and there was no room in the transaction for such an intervention as Borthwick thought that he had accomplished. However, Borthwick's position in society gave him the key to much important information and the power to use his knowledge with effect. Thus he quotes a conversation with the Queen during the trouble with France over Fashoda, in which she urged him "to refrain from exasperating French feeling," he had acquaintance with Gortschakoff—who thought that the Russian Jews killed Christian babies—Schouvaloff, and the Napoleonic group of statesmen and diplomatists, and on occasion he employed his special intelligence boldly and dexterously.

Borthwick's editorship of the "Owl" was a stroke of phantasy in his career, which quite deserves Mr. Lucas's commemoration of it. It is doubtful whether either the "Owl" or the owlets really sparkled quite as brilliantly as their contemporaries thought, but a dining, writing, and "larking" society of jesters that included Sir George Trevelyan, Mrs. Norton, Laurence Oliphant, Bishop Wilberforce, Drummond Wolff, and Abraham Hayward (did they all sup together?), must have glittered, both in talk and in print. Mr. Lucas's examples of these midnight shinings are not all happy, for the hour that kindled them is over, and their victims are in their graves. But this skit on Mill addressing the House of Commons on Women's Suffrage, done in the style of a debate in the French Assembly, has the proper salt and finish:—

"L'ordre de jour appelle la motion de M. Mill sur l'affranchissement des femmes.

"M. le Président Denison—La parole est à M. Mill.

"M. Mill—Messieurs, quand je vois la lune et quand je vois le soleil. ('Touchez à terre.') J'y arrive! Je citerai les femmes illustres et la première, Eve. ('Arrivez à nos jours.') Soit! . . .

"M. le Président—Rentrez dans la question, M. Mill.

"M. Mill—Je n'y suis pas entré, et je ne peux pas en être sorti. ('C'est logique.') Est-ce sous la Reine Anne, dite sanguinaire? (M. Newdegate—'Parlez-vous de Smithfield?')"—and so on, good capital being made out of each member's hobby or peculiarity.

The "Post" missed, we think, a remarkable successor to Lord Glenesk when his son, Oliver, died. Mr. Lucas's agreeable pages paint the younger man's personality in the fading colors of delicate health and an early death; but young Borthwick lived long enough to show vigorous grasp both of the material and intellectual side of his task, linked to a rare and vivid spirit. But pleasant as the book is, we find only one touch of brilliancy—the entry in Lord Glenesk's journal which describes Lord Beaconsfield's dying hours:—"Wind E.S.E. again, so I suppose Dizzy will die now. He is very Endymionic . . . he says to the doctor [in his wanderings], 'A magnificent fiasco.'"

PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S ESSAYS.*

THIS is a book of singular insight and sympathy. To these qualities, so essential to the critic, the writer adds a style and distinction which give such essays as those on Pater, Ibsen, and Heine the hall-mark of literature. With one exception the fourteen studies are reprints; but in their collected form they take rank as one of the books of the year. As the title indicates, the volume falls into two distinct parts: the first covering, besides the authors mentioned, Goethe's "West-Eastern Divan," "Hermann and Dorothea," and Charles de Marsay, an eighteenth century mystic; the second discussing Elizabethan Psychology and Romance, the English Masque, Shakespeare as a Man of Science, and the question whether and to what extent he reveals himself in his works.

The appreciation of Pater is the most discerning that this writer has yet received. He is, perhaps, best known to the present generation by the clever but ill-natured skit in the "New Republic." But a caricature is not a portrait; he deserves a kindlier touch than Mr. Mallock's. The movement with which his name is associated lends itself easily enough to parody; but who ever recovered a lost standard without pressing its application too far? That vision was his distinctive gift is a central fact in estimating him.

"If Pater is a seeker for truth, he must seek it with the eye, and with the imagination penetrating its way through things visible; or, if truth comes to him in any other way, he must project the truth into color and form. He will be occupied during his whole life with a study, not of ideas apart from their concrete embodiment, but with a study of expression—expression as seen in the countenance of external nature, expression in Greek statue, medieval cathedral, Renaissance altar-piece, expression in the ritual of various religions, and in the visible bearing of various types of manhood, in various exponents of tradition, of thought, and of faith."

Exception may be taken to the comparison with Wordsworth. "A poet," Wordsworth wrote, "is a teacher, or he is nothing." He did not give himself to art for art's sake; he valued beauty so far, and only so far, as it was a vehicle of spiritual and moral truth. This standpoint is open to criticism. It excludes much great art and much great poetry. But it was his; and it is the secret at once of his strength and of his weakness. Take him, however, as an artist, and Professor Dowden's argument is beyond question.

"Why stop where Wordsworth stopped in his earlier days? Why content ourselves with expression as seen in the face of hillside and cloud and stream, and the acts and words of simple men, through whom certain primitive elementary passions play? Why not also seek to discover the spirit in sense in its more complex and subtler incarnations—in the arts and crafts, in the shaping of a vase, the lines and colors of a tapestry, the carving of a capital, the movements of a celebrant in the rites of religion, in a relief of Della Robbia, in a Venus of Botticelli, in the mysterious Gioconda of Leonardo? Setting aside the mere dross of circumstance in human life, why not vivify all amidst which we live and move by translating sense into spirit, and spirit into sense, thus rendering opaque things luminous, so that, if no pure white light of truth can reach us, at least each step we tread may be impregnated with the stains and dyes of those colored morsels of glass, so deftly arranged, through which such light as we are able to endure has its access to our eyes?"

Such an outlook over life, though it approaches it on the sensuous side, is not necessarily either undisciplined or partial; in so far as it is so it ceases to be an outlook over life. It was because Pater was sensible of this that, while he regarded philosophies as works of art, his own art was a philosophy; that it embodied a resolution to live *in Ganzen*—in the whole. Sparta, not Sybaris, was his model. The perfection of form which he coveted was reached by restraint, by the sacrifice of the present to the future, by infinite pains.

In Ibsen the dominant note is that of strain:—

"In many great artists there is a good bovine quality, which strangely may alternate with a winged joy, and which learns through tranquillity some of the deepest secrets of our Mother Earth. With Ibsen the lines are all precipitous and abrupt. We are for ever scaling to the Viddes or above them; we hang over desperate fissures; we cling to jagged edges; we are enclosed in forlorn and shadowy chasms, or encounter some sudden spearlike shaft of light."

He must break away at all costs; the atmosphere is one in which he cannot breathe. Norway is the most democratic country in Europe; but, to judge by his picture, at what a price has this result been reached! How narrow, how sordid is the life that he describes! He is as distinctly a rebel as

* "Essays: Modern and Elizabethan." By Professor Dowden. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

Byron or Shelley; the difference being that they are in revolt against the tyranny of the few, he against the pressure of the many—a burden infinitely more intolerable. "Up here, by the fjords, is my native land. But—but—but! Where am I to find my homeland?" And in his criticism of democracy he puts his finger on the real and imminent peril of popular government. Writing to Brandes in 1872, he says:—

"The Liberals are freedom's worst enemies. Freedom of thought and spirit thrives best under absolutism; this was shown in France, afterwards in Germany, and now we see it in Russia. . . . At home they do not trouble much about liberty, but only about liberties—a few more or a few less, according to the standpoint of their party. I feel, too, most painfully affected by the crudity, the plebeian element in all our public discussions. The very praiseworthy attempt to make of our people a democratic community has inadvertently gone a good way towards making us a plebeian community."

His starting-point and goal is the individual man or woman. Reforms, social and political, are machinery and to be judged by results. "A people might—like that of Norway—be free, yet be no more than a congeries of unfree persons." It was because he preached this to a lower middle-class civilisation that he was at once prophet and seer.

"To be born with diverse souls is embarrassing, but it was Heine's distinction. To belong to the past and to the future, to be romanticist and realist, to mingle Mephistopheles with Faust, to be an aristocrat and a revolutionary, to be of a tribe and of a nation, to be a patriot and a cosmopolitan, to be a monotheist through the emotions, a polytheist through the imagination, a pantheist through the intellect, to see Jerusalem through the atmosphere of Hamburg, to sit at the feet of Moses and of Aristophanes, to reckon Brother Martin Luther and the Patriarch Voltaire among one's ancestry—all this makes fidelity to one's true self a difficult and intricate affair."

It was this many-sidedness which at once made Heine's life a tragedy, and gave his work so distinctive a charm. He will be read when greater poets than he are not read; because there is no reader who does not find himself on every page of the "Reisebilder" and the "Buch der Lieder." Here, again, is the key to his detachment; he sits loose to the ties of place and system; he looks, and passes on. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Yet there is an excellence in his instability; a beauty in the flowing stream. Hebrew and Hellenist, Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant—he is all and none of them. He was no mere scoffer; he is "a sceptic who inquires, a sceptic who hopes." And he scoffs not at the good that is in religion, but at the evil. "I honor the real holiness of every religion. I do not hate the altar, but I hate the serpents which lurk amid the loose stones of the altar." Nor was he a democrat. "I love the people," he wrote in the "Confessions," "but I love them at a distance"; he was never "the sycophant of his Majesty King Mob":—

"How beautiful is the People! How good is the People! How intelligent is this good and beautiful People! So say the foot-lickers of the royal Caliban. No—Heine replies—the poor sovereign People is not beautiful; on the contrary, it is very ugly; but the day may come when his Majesty will wash himself gratis in the public baths. The People is not good; it is often as wicked as other potentates; but the sovereign People is hungry, and one day it may have wherewithal to eat. The People is certainly not very intelligent; perhaps it is even less intelligent than other monarchs; it would now, as eighteen hundred years ago, cry, 'Give us not Christ, but Barabbas'; but one day it may attend free schools and get bread and butter free along with schooling."

It is not enthusiastic; it is Cordelia, not Regan or Goneril. But it was Cordelia who played a daughter's part to the old and distraught king. And, cynic as he may seem, he was a knight of the Holy Ghost. "Lay on my coffin a sword; for I was a brave soldier in the War of Freedom for mankind."

ROSES RED AND WHITE.*

It was with a certain trepidation that the writer opened this book. The title carried with it a suggestion of something didactic. He remembers in the 'eighties offering to lend a volume of Robert Louis Stevenson to a fellow-undergraduate, and receiving the surprising and disconcerting reply, "Thank you, but I much prefer the 'Letters of Lord Chesterfield' to any other reading." Personally he is unable to share this admiration for the "Letters of Lord Chesterfield," or of

successful merchants or other instructors of youth. But a very cursory examination convinced him that his fears were unfounded. The author of these letters is not a successful merchant, or a teacher of deportment, but a happy woman, and the "son" is her unborn baby. It is the book of the "expectation" of motherhood, to use the consecrated phrase.

The book, indeed, is in appearance didactic (if that is not too pedantic and harsh-sounding a word for such an outpouring of tenderness), it is ostensibly concerned with teaching the unborn baby-boy things about the right conduct of life; but one cannot help feeling that in such an atmosphere of love and happiness as that in which the child will be born such teachings are almost an unnecessary labor. Things must go well with him. The book is in reality a book of happiness—a book in praise and celebration of the happiness of the happy. There can be nothing better in the world than the normal human life of happy men and women. This, surely, is worth any amount of talking, of words, views, schemes, fads, philosophies.

It may be, perhaps, objected that such a life as this book describes cannot (as things are) be called "normal," because it is the life only of a very small minority of people. It is, no doubt, the life of the happily placed, the life of ease, leisure, large surroundings, that is here pictured—the life of those removed by circumstances from small worries, strifes, meannesses. There is, perhaps, no more enviable lot on earth than the life of certain English people of this class. The late Lord Tennyson was its poet *par excellence*. In the "Miller's Daughter" he draws a fair picture of the human happiness possible under these conditions:

"the kiss,
The woven arms seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort I have found in thee.
"But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find."

One has known, now and again, such perfectly happy people, people whose happiness was, so to speak, their interest in life and their profession. Far be it from the writer to assert that happiness is only to be found among the English upper and very upper middle classes; but, at any rate, those classes provide a soil very favorable to its cultivation.

The Italian romancer, Gabriele D'Annunzio, has devoted more than one novel to the theme of the preparation for the birth of the Superman. These letters are concerned with something better—the preparation for the birth of the perfectly normal man. The happy woman, in her third letter, writes to her unborn baby on "Day-Dreams and Cricket":

"This morning I was basting a long seam, and before I had done three inches of it you were ten years old and going to bat in your first school match. All the mothers and the fathers were going, and it was going to be a great day. Do you know, beloved, I could not make up my mind which frock to put on! I had them all out on the bed, and as fast as I chose one and got it half on it had to come off again. At last I put on a white linen and a big hat with roses; no one can make a mistake with white, and when you were a baby you were very fond of roses."

"Oliver and I drove over in time to get good seats on the little stand. You had gone directly after breakfast. You were a person that day, and you had to be on the ground early, so we did not see you till you came into the field. Your side had lost the toss; that meant we were not going to see yourself cover yourself with glory for quite a long time. I'm sure all the boys who went in to bat did it very nicely, but I forgot to look at their scores very often, because all the time I was watching a little alert body quivering in the slips, or a pair of flannelled legs twinkling over a boundary. And once, when you caught a man out, I nearly jumped up and clapped my hands; but I knew men didn't like their womenkind to make a fuss, so I kept still and said nothing."

The little hero "covers himself with glory," but only in his second innings:

"Oliver forgot that he was your father, and yelled and shouted like the rest of them; the sandy boy turned round and shook the back of the bench we were sitting on with his hands, just as a puppy tears a rag to pieces with his teeth, and the masters called out, 'Well done, young T—,' and even the boy at the back clapped and said, 'Good play, little 'un.' . . . And as you carried out your bat I saw you look up with your dear eyes all shining to the grand-stand, and I knew you were searching for me. My head was up nearly as high as yours was after you had made your duck" (this had been in the first innings) "and I shouldn't be surprised if it were for the same cause, except that mine if they had come would have been happy ones—and I felt myself saying inside very hoighty-toity, 'That is Oliver's and my son.'"

* "Letters to My Son," Chapman & Hall, 5s. net.

One has known Oliver and the happy mother, and those nice lads, their sons, playing in their school and college matches, and addressing their first political meetings.

The mother that is to be fortifies the babe unborn with wise and loving counsels, pours into him the results of the experience gathered from many lives. She warns him of the pitfalls for heedless feet. She writes on religion, and we gather that for her God is rather immanent than transcendent. This means, of course, that she feels in a high degree the delight of all healthy people in the open air. The boy unborn will no doubt ride and hunt and shoot and fish and climb mountains, and love the good gigantic smile of the old brown earth. Oliver imagines, by the way, that the baby "will be born with long curls and a blue sash." Certainly he will be *né coiffé*, as the French proverb says.

This is a book in praise of the goodness of life. Oliver says:—"Thank God for you and all the trouble you've cost me. Thank God for rain and fine, for crops that fail, for horses to ride. Thank Him for blood instead of filtered water."

The boy is to do all manner of great things, but he can do nothing better (one feels) than to have all this and to pass it on. It may be heresy, but surely "work" of any kind should be subservient to life.

One thinks of the "expectation" of other mothers one has known. The writer remembers the wife of a laborer earning eighteen shillings a week. A baby appeared with monotonous regularity every year. When she passed out of his ken there were nine of them. At a certain recurring moment every year there were storms of tears, broken crockery, threats of doing grievous bodily harm to the terrified children. "What is the matter with Mrs. Denny?" it would be asked. "She's had a great disappointment. She finds out she's going to have another baby. She did so hope it 'ud be the last."

In spite of such contrasts, and whatever may be one's individual lot, it is a great thing to cultivate sympathy with happiness. There can be nothing worse than (for whatever reason) to become embittered, not to be glad that the earth is rich in man and maid, and that there are found by all its streams the blue forget-me-nots that blow for happy lovers. No one is unhappy who can say with the "Shropshire Lad":—

"Oh! tarnish late on Wenlock Edge
Gold that I shall not see,
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge,
That will not shower on me."

A better Mr. Kipling (how different to the Mr. Kipling who in an inhuman jingle frantically calls upon us all to become conscripts in order to qualify for attendance at the funeral of the late King), in one of the charming little snatches he is able to write, tells of someone who went all over the world looking for blue roses, and who said at last, "Roses white and red are best." Well, no doubt they are best. This is a book of white and red roses.

THE MAKING OF A STYLIST.*

MISS JOURDAIN has qualities which make for distinction, but they are as yet undisciplined, and discipline is no less essential to vigorous art than to vigorous life. Art may be wayward, even insolent, but it cannot achieve greatly, lacking a fine sense of proportion. The pride and capriciousness of art tell not of weakness in the artist, but of his slowly acquired and complete control over his work; they are the direct products of discipline, of the just fusion of matter with manner, of the time when the artist has so marshalled his powers that he can allow free play to his personality without fear of becoming overbearing. Until such time he is too careful of appearances, too concerned to know that he is at all times showing his cunning to the best advantage.

Beauty of style is a treasurable servant, but a bad master, and Miss Jourdain's chief gift, an altogether notable sense of word values and delicacy of statement, has not yet been subdued to its proper use. Nowhere in her pages do we find phrasing which has grown dull with long service, nowhere the glib usage of outworn symbols so depressing

in modern letters; constantly we experience the highest delight that fresh and individual craftsmanship can afford—the sense of surprise born of the re-setting of familiar words. This, of Pan, for example:—

"In the bright rushing of the wind in unencumbered places and uplands, the tinkling of the hollow pipe of the hemlock and dead grass among the brambles, the singing hiss among the dry needles of the pine, we hear the goat-footed piper of desolate places and stony seats making his eternal music."

So few lines are enough to show that Miss Jourdain has a secret which can be learned of none; a secret which is one of the authentic signs of genius. But the faculty of complete and beautiful expression in itself is not enough. It becomes great and of permanent value only when it loses itself in the thing expressed. In this book it is never forgotten, and we feel after a while that the author herself has not yet learnt to forget it. The effort appears to be too deliberate, an appearance wrought by the fact that Miss Jourdain has written rather from observation than from experience. Her breviary is a record of the changing months, of the pageant of color and form that marks the seasons. The detail that informs her work is surprising in its minuteness and accuracy, but it is detail gathered not instantaneously, and more or less unconsciously as by the poet, but carefully rather, even laboriously. The result is that we miss the spontaneity which is vitality in literature; we admire, but we are never greatly moved. The author herself shows signs of the strain of this constant alertness that nothing she says shall lack finish and pliancy. The choice of an excellent word recurs to her at moments when the strain is telling, and we have repetitions that go far towards destroying the first unexpected delight. The desire to exercise the poet's function of sharpening the understanding by imaginative parallel, which she gratifies frequently with singular precision, becomes, too, at these moments a burden, and we get

"... trees that sparkled like the ever-rising water at the apex of a jet of a fountain."

We would not be querulous. We recognise that Miss Jourdain has powers which may lead to the creation of work which will bring her to a place of high distinction, but we feel that she has used them here to ends not of the most worthy. She says many memorable things: "We shine with the sun," "... the unsown flowers of the air, weak moths and autumn butterflies," "What a reducing quality is there in subjecting oneself to the open air, until some quality of the spirit seems to die, as a little water dies into the sand, and one becomes passive with a wise passivity." These are but a few instances of many such. But we are not satisfied with these alone. If Miss Jourdain will bring her fine faculties to bear upon some theme that really moves her imagination, upon life, she will inevitably discipline her style and give us something not so deftly wrought perhaps, but warmer, more lovable, and more vital.

"NOW!"**

THE reader who keeps an observant eye upon the movements of our young authors will already have detected that Mr. Marriott is one of the few who are guilty of thinking for themselves. No matter how clever a workman he may be in handling his tools, something in his carriage or gait, nay even in his respectful assent to the opinion of his superiors, will betray that he is "a free spirit," that he passes judgment upon the existing order. In a village it is the function of the parson or the squire to "smell out" these dangerous individuals and to take the proper steps for the circumvention of their unorthodoxy, but in the case of young authors we can but trust that the natural stupidity of the great public will prove sufficient protection against the infection of their disturbing ideas. It is a nice question whether the insidious heterodoxy of "Now!" may not prove more unsettling than, say, the frank, social criticism of Mr. Galsworthy's plays, or Mr. Wells's novels.

"Now!" has particular interest because it foreshadows the growth of tendencies in the younger generation which even the incurious elder must have felt vaguely in the air. It is not anything so tangible as "a movement" that Mr.

* "An Outdoor Breviary." By M. Jourdain. Academy Press. 2s. 6d. net.

** "Now!" By Charles Marriott. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

Marriott has laid his finger on, it is a mental attitude that implies a possible undermining of the enormous, top-heavy structure of modern society. The triumphant forces of material progress, of commercialism, of national competition will scout any danger from so nebulous a doctrine as that of the negationists in "Now!" but, quite possibly, in a few generations, its infection may be widely spread.

The story introduces us, at the start, to an estimable family, the Kenwyn-Browns, who represent the stability of the existing order. Mr. Kenwyn-Brown is a prosperous business man in the City, with a comfortable house in Ladbroke Grove, and an income that suffices to send one son to Oxford, a second into the Navy, and to provide a continental holiday for his family every year. The Kenwyn-Browns are quite "in the movement." They admire just what enlightened people like themselves ought to admire in pictures, and books, and music. Their house is tastefully furnished, with parquet floors, loose rugs, photo-gravures of the "Primavera," "The Man with a Glove," "The Wingless Victory," etc. The girls go to ballad concerts at the Albert Hall and performances at His Majesty's. Mrs. Kenwyn-Brown divides her days between house-keeping, shopping in "The Grove" and Kensington High Street. The family politics is an enlightened Liberalism, with an objection to Socialism "on principle." But anything or anybody that is emancipated or enlightened is welcome at the Kenwyn-Browns', and at Mrs. Kenwyn-Brown's At Homes one can meet "interesting people" from Hampstead or Chelsea or Bedford Park, Oxford young men, and unconventional lady art students from the Slade. The dark spot on this enlightened family's progress is Julia, "the ugly duckling of the family," a somewhat sullen young person of nineteen, who has shown herself impervious to the enlightenment of her home and its emancipated atmosphere. Julia has an irritating way of not only showing no particular desire to acquire culture, but of remaining stolidly ignorant about the things everybody ought to know. Her family cannot make her out, and it is at this unsatisfactory stage of her development that she meets Conrad Lowe, who represents the insidious "undermining" of the social valuations, forces, and aims of the Kenwyn-Brown scheme of life. For the first half of his novel, Mr. Marriott manoeuvres Conrad Lowe as a perplexing young man, with a surprising number of stray acquaintances in all ranks of all walks of life, a sympathetic young man who is always having a good time wherever he goes, without settled convictions, aims, income or prospects of any sort. Gradually we learn that there is a distinct theory of life, the Morrisonian theory, that Conrad Lowe holds and acts up to, and that he is only one of two thousand people who do the like, people whose bond is recognition of one another and whose motto is "Now!" Julia is in love with Conrad Lowe and he with her, but for reasons more or less sufficing Conrad does not speak out plainly, and Julia, very naturally, angrily recoils into the bosom of her family, becomes very contemptuous of all "that sort of thing" that Conrad represents, and engages herself to a dull and estimable young man called Lambert, whom she uses as a weapon against herself.

At this stage of the proceedings it may very well be demanded by the reader what the Morrisonian theory of conduct, "that sort of thing," does represent. The author fills a good many pages with subtle side-hits at the Kenwyn-Brown gospel, with which it is at war, and the matter is clinched in a simple manner by Mr. Morrison, a wealthy Jew, an ex-disciple of Lassalle, who appears on the scene, and explains his social formula to the narrator of the story. It runs as follows:—

"What you have.

Take away: What you think you must have.

What you think you want.

What other people say you must have.

What other people think you want.

What is left?"

The object of the people who subscribe to these simple tenets is the gradual transformation of society by discovering and abiding by real wants as distinct from the wants imposed by ulterior motives. Their policy is to refrain. But this does not imply ascetic renunciation. To each person his real needs. The only two conditions obligatory on all members are to abstain from voting, whether political or municipal, and to have no investments of money. The

presence of a great number of people with nothing to lose, refusing to take an interest in society while obeying all its laws, would, obviously, soon have a disintegrating effect on its structure. Mr. Marriott, in a couple of pages, sketches hastily some implications of this creed of *laissez-faire* with a new meaning. But we need not look beyond the moment, or consider any but the bearing of the Morrisonian way of living on the Kenwyn-Brown practice. To take the concrete case offered us, for Julia the new creed is the parting of the ways. If she marries the excellent and dull young Lambert, whom she does not love, she will be sacrificing "the main chance," i.e., what she wants, which is her life with Conrad Lowe, for all the secondary considerations of culture, comfort, social position, which have worried her and which threaten to turn her into an unreal person. She will be "in the movement," one of the immense army of people who do things, not because they like it, but because they pretend that they like it, the people who suspect, with some reason, that everybody else round them is doing things from necessity or from ulterior motives of one kind or another. The Kenwyn-Brown practice is, in fact, the acceptance of a number of imposing standards, tastes, and ideas forced from without by a society which believes they are "the right thing." It is, roughly speaking, the middle-class system which, generated by capitalism and commercialism, captures the energy and, automatically, compels the adherence of each fresh relay of people who push their successful way up from lower social levels. The point to consider is—What has the younger generation to gain by throwing over the ideal of conformity and "good form," and what does it seek to establish in its place?

What the Morrisonians are aiming at is really what Ruskin and Morris have preached, both with small effect, viz., that work is only worth doing when it results in creating a finer type of man. A way of life that is adopted merely from ulterior motives, or for work's sake, speedily produces the horrors of the industrial and the shams of the commercial system. Its finest product is the Kenwyn-Brown type, with its borrowed culture and its gospel of the strenuous life. The "unashamed appreciation of things that really matter, such as youth, friendship, cheerfulness, leisure, and beauty" is outside the Kenwyn-Brown programme. When Conrad Lowe ultimately makes up his mind that he must have Julia, he proposes to support her by his work of market gardening, and with only seven pounds in his pockets. Her uninteresting suitor, Lambert, is thrown over directly after Conrad Lowe is forbidden the Ladbroke Grove house, and the real Julia wrathfully asserts herself against the pressure of her family, and soon escapes, and marries Conrad.

In "Now!" Mr. Marriott has accomplished with much fineness of touch a difficult performance. He has not quite proved his case because the Morrisonians are themselves a by-product of our social system. But his hero, Conrad Lowe, escapes the taint of amateurishness, and some of the cleverest pages contrast the crank type, who lives the simple life by way of "making a protest," with the Morrisonian who simply does what he wants to do because he wants to do it. The Kenwyn-Brown type of man is not concerned with what a thing is in itself, but with what it is worth in the market, and it is not surprising that this principle, when it is set free to build up and organise the conduct of life, should result in a general false valuation of "what matters." There are signs that the young generation is not so complacently absorbed in the mere idea of "getting on," as was the last generation, but is asking itself "where, after all, do I want to get to?" The Morrisonians are not yet much in evidence, but their number is increasing fast.

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* * *

It would be hard to choose a better framework for a book dealing with certain sides of literary life in the eighteenth century than an account of Robert Dodsley. Mr. Ralph Straus's volume, "Robert Dodsley, Poet, Publisher, and Playwright" (Lane, 21s. net), is a thought too serious and businesslike in method to do full justice to its subject. But it can claim the qualities of its defects. Mr. Straus has spared no pains to make his book as complete as possible, and prints for the first time a number of letters both from the British Museum Records and from other sources. He also adds in an appendix a bibliography of Dodsley's own works and a chronological list of all the books published by Dodsley or bearing his name on the title-page. Such industry deserves praise, especially in these days of hurried and slipshod work, and Mr. Straus has done good service to future students of the eighteenth century. To everybody who has even a slight knowledge of the period, Dodsley's name is familiar. The volumes of his "Old Plays" and of his "Collection of Poems by Several Hands" are to be found in every old-fashioned private library, and his imprint will be found on early editions of Pope, Johnson, Gray, Sterne, Goldsmith, Shenstone, Horace Walpole, and a crowd of lesser writers. It was to him that Edmund Burke proposed the scheme of the "Annual Register," and his shop, the "Tully's Head," was the meeting-place of most men of any literary pretensions. Dodsley began life as apprentice to a stocking-weaver, but ran away and took service as a footman. While in this employment he published "A Muse in Livery," a poem which won for him the attention of the town, and some time afterwards, through the success of a satirical play, "The Toy Shop," he was able to set up as a publisher. He did not, however, cease to be an author, writing verses and plays, the two most successful of the latter being "The King and the Miller of Mansfield" and "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green." Mr. Straus gives some entertaining glimpses of the famous men among whom Dodsley moved. Through a blunder of the binder the copy of the book before us does not contain the fifth chapter, which treats of "Dodsley and Dr. Johnson," the fourth chapter and part of the third being given in duplicate instead.

* * *

To those who are unaware of the progress which Socialism is making in the Church of England, Mr. Conrad Noel's "Socialism in Church History" (Frank Palmer, 5s. net) and Mr. Adderley's "The Parson in Socialism" (Leeds: Richard Jackson, 1s. net) will come as a surprise. Both the authors are benefited clergymen and both write as economic Socialists, holding, as Mr. Noel puts it, "that the principles which underlie Socialism are, so far as they go, the principles of the Christian religion as applied to political, commercial, and economic problems." Mr. Adderley writes with impatience of the "Christian Socialism" which is now fashionable in certain circles of the Church. "Christian Socialism," is, he says, "a more

or less technical term which has come to be applied to the somewhat hazy tenets of all those Christian people who take what is called a practical interest in social reform as a result of their religion." His book is a vigorous statement of the claims of Socialism upon Churchmen and of the inspiration which Socialists may gain from the Church's teaching. Mr. Noel's treatment of the subject is more historical. He believes that the pre-Reformation Church was, in the main, anti-plutocratic and opposed to competition, and finds many of the evils of modern industry in the Protestant individualism of the Reformation. Mr. Noel takes a broad view of the future effect of the Socialist ideal in uniting Christians. "What is most urgently needed," he declares, "is a reinterpretation of the creeds and their application to the practical life of men, the democratisation of the Church, an effective desire to meet both Nonconformists, atheists, and agnostics, listen to their criticisms, and with their help rebuild the national religion without sacrificing a single principle." This will sound quite impossible to most people who look at the Church of England to-day, but Mr. Noel has faith in his principles and does not shrink from definitely applying them. His book deserves the attention of all who wish to follow the development of present-day Socialist thought. Both Mr. Noel and Mr. Adderley belong to the Church Socialist League, a recent organisation, which the former writer claims to be "the most vigorous champion of Catholic democracy that has yet taken the field."

* * *

We should be sorry to have to guess the number of books on china and pottery that have been published in this country since the late W. Chaffers produced his monumental work, "The Ceramic Gallery," early in the 'seventies, but it is at any rate certain that a very considerable proportion of the total quantity may be ascribed to the last three or four years. Volume has succeeded volume within this recent period, and still the collector who is thus assiduously catered for remains unsatisfied. The latest attempt to meet his demands is Mr. J. F. Blacker's "The A B C of Collecting Old English Pottery" (Stanley Paul, 5s. net), which is one of a series to which the same author has already contributed an excellent volume on collecting old English china. In this companion book he proves himself a not less trustworthy guide. Beginning with a brief study of Greek pottery as we know it in the vase, he deals successively with the red lustrous ware that the Romans left in Britain, and with the quaint examples of Early English and medieval pottery; and, after a chapter on old tiles, passes to the serious business of the book, which is a systematic and technical account of British potters and pottery from the seventeenth century onwards. Lambeth and Liverpool delft, the slip ware of Wrotham and Staffordshire, the Fulham ware of the famous John Dwight and his successors, Elers and Astbury, the great house of Wedgwood and its rivals and imitators, the ware of Leeds and Nottingham: these have all been handled and studied by Mr. Blacker, who has had the special advantage of intercourse with the living representatives of those great potters who made the English industry. Besides, therefore, a great deal of sound information on the main body and some curious off-shoots of the potter's art—Toby jugs, Bellarmine, and the like—he is able, from his inside knowledge of the craft itself, to impart an intimacy to his descriptions and a value to his advice that do not always exist in books of this class. The book, of course, is technical, but not too technical for the collector who has some slight acquaintance with pottery terms, while the veriest tyro should be helped out by the illustrations. The latter are to be found on very nearly every page.

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as distinct from the Flemish, is followed by an account of the different art centres in Holland with their common bond of democratic feeling, and the latter, again, by chapters on Hals and Rembrandt, and shorter sections on the "little masters," classified according to the diversions of genre, portraiture, and landscape. Hals's particular gift of vivid summarisation, and his chief limitation, a lack of the sense of structural form, are fittingly appreciated, and Rembrandt is the theme of some thoughtful discussion eked out with copious quotations from the pages of Fromentin. Mr. Caffin's remarks on Impressionism as "a vital principle of modern thought," and as a principle of modern education, are worth more than cursory study. He does good service also in pointing out that the Dutch genre was not merely the literal reproduction of scenes and occurrences in life, but, while based upon actual life, was the outcome of selection, often severe, on the artist's part. Terborch is happily described as "Velasquez in miniature"; there is a good appreciation of Jacob Ruysdael; and the "tonalism" of the landscapists in general is sympathetically discussed in its relation to the more modern quality of that name. We can recall no matter in which Mr. Caffin does not follow the average cultured opinion, but his book may be recommended to those who desire to refresh their ideas of an interesting epoch in art history. There are thirty-two half-tone reproductions of well-known pictures.

A LITTLE book of "Selections from the Writings of William Penn," with an introduction by Dr. Isaac Sharpless, has just been added to Messrs. Headley Brothers' "Religion of Life" series (1s. net). The extracts have been chosen with the object of showing the varied sides of Penn's character and writing. Owing to Stevenson's admiration of the "Fruits of Solitude," that book has a vogue among general readers which its frequent depth and subtlety fully deserve, but though Penn's style was diffuse, he could, when he took trouble, be strong and clear, and his other writings do not altogether deserve the neglect into which they have fallen. Dr. Sharpless's selection can be recommended as containing some epigrammatic sayings which bear on politics as well as on religion.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, June 10.	Price Friday morning, June 17.
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THE supertax forms seem to be spreading dismay in the ranks of the plutocracy, especially of the large landed proprietors, many of whom, it seems, have never troubled to pay on their real income, including the rent of their houses, lands, etc. It seems highly probable therefore that the yield of the Income-tax this year will be much higher than the estimate, and in that case the Chancellor of the Exchequer may be inclined to take a very optimistic view of the revenue, especially as this may turn out to be a record year of trade. The United States cotton crop promises very well indeed, and if the performance is equal to the promise, Lancashire may be as busy before long as the West Riding of Yorkshire is now. The Bank return is stronger than ever, but the market is still pinched for money, so that the London banks are having a royal time. The Treasury's policy has certainly played into the hands of the Bank of England, and enabled it to pile up a big reserve with much profit to itself. The Stock Exchange is very quiet just now, but there may be an outburst of speculation when really cheap money arrives with July. Wall Street has been depressed

by Taft's diplomatic victory over the railways, and the rubber market cannot assemble enough supporters for a really impressive rally. Some big operators have been baiting the Press by way of preparations for a timber boom, and to judge from some of the prospectuses, I should think that the public will be fleeced. Timber propositions are not new, and lands which are to be snapped up cheap are not within range of a profitable market. The state of the money market makes it advisable for intending investors to buy at once, unless they like to wait till the autumn on the chance of bargains during a squeeze in New York.

WHEAT PRICES AND THE QUARTERN LOAF.

The bakers are reluctantly lowering the price of bread by a halfpenny the quarter loaf. How little excuse there is for the 5½d. and 6d. which are still being charged in many places, may be seen from the following table of the average price of English wheat on certain days of the current year with the general average for the four preceding years.

AVERAGE PRICES.				
	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1910.				
June 4	30 2	21 8	17 10	
May 28	31 3	21 4	17 10	
21	31 10	21 8	17 8	
14	32 1	22 0	18 1	
7	32 6	22 7	18 2	
April 30	33 0	22 10	18 3	
1909	43 1	25 7	21 3	
1908	33 1	25 10	18 4	
1907	32 0	24 7	20 7	
1906	30 3	23 4	19 11	

Last year's average, it will be seen, is thirteen shillings higher than the price on June 4th, which again is below the average of any of the preceding four years. This is fortunate for the country and also for the Government. It means that the agricultural laborers and the working classes generally are much better off so long as they take care to get the equivalent reduction in their bread. Foreign wheat, indeed, has not fallen so much, but thanks to heavy Russian exports, it is rapidly following suit. The price of barley and oats (it will be seen) has not fluctuated so widely.

THE IRON TRADE.

The City Committee of the Free Trade Union is really doing excellent work. Last week Sir Swire Smith gave a splendid survey of the progress of the woollen and worsted industries. This week (on Wednesday) Sir Hugh Bell made a brilliant analysis of the iron trade and its subsidiary industries before an influential audience at the Cannon Street Hotel. His estimate of the total value of the iron trade of Great Britain is 205 millions, employing 1,400,000 hands. It includes iron and steel factories for smelting, founding, and rolling; tinplate factories; shipbuilding yards; engineering factories and cycle and motor factories. The order of these in employment stands as follows:—

Engineering employs	455,000 persons.
Iron and Steel Factories	262,000 "
Shipbuilding	209,000 "
Cycles and Motors	46,000 "
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Including cutlery, hardware, tools, &c., our exports of iron and steel manufactures were valued at 81 millions last year as against 59 millions in 1902—the year on which Mr. Chamberlain based his forecasts of ruin and decay. The motor industry (as Sir Hugh Bell observed) is a good example of an infant industry growing up and thriving without Protection. Our exports of cycles and motors rose from £890,000 in 1902 to £3,307,000 in 1909. To sum up, while our imports of iron and steel manufactures rose from 21 to 24 millions between 1902 and 1909, our exports rose from 59 to 81 millions sterling.

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